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JUL 1947

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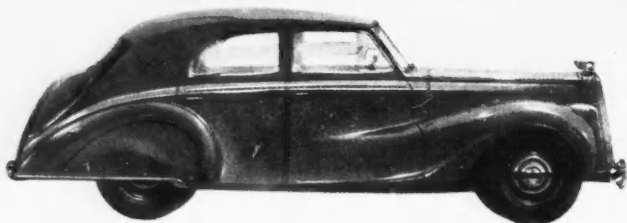
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THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CI No. 2631

JUNE 20, 1947



Harlip

MRS. ROBIN VLASTO

Mrs. Robin Vlasto, whose marriage to Mr. Robin Alexander Vlasto, of Lavender Farm, Ascot, Berkshire, a nephew of the Countess of Northesk, took place recently, was formerly Miss Jill Vlasto, of The Cottage, Hurst, Berkshire.

COUNTRY LIFE

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LONG-TERM AGRICULTURE

THE final stages of the Agriculture Bill in the Commons—though there may still be some reconsideration of certain landlord-and-tenant arrangements elsewhere—mark the achievement of a settled machinery for keeping agriculture a paying proposition, for securing the best—if not necessarily (at a given moment) the greatest—output of food from the land at our disposal, for maintaining a reasonable control over the efficiency of the farmer and over the planning of the landowner and for offering the agricultural worker an attractive life together with a suitable part in the direction of his industry. The desirability of these aims has long been admitted by all parties, and criticisms of the Bill have, for the most part, sought to improve the machinery by which the Bill seeks to achieve them. Much of this machinery was brought into being during the war. The system of guaranteed prices now becomes automatic within the limits of national production policy, and the local agricultural committees set up in war-time form the working basis of the new control of efficient land use. Both these devices in very much the same form were proposed in COUNTRY LIFE in pre-war days, but it took the stark realities of the past decade to show how workable they were and how effective they could be made.

Criticisms of the machinery of control have covered a good deal of ground and many of them can be tested only in practice. Farm-workers are said to be convinced that a mistake has been made in not allowing them greater representation on the county committees, and it is certainly important to secure their full support. The clauses of the Bill dealing with the relations of landlord and tenant were discussed in detail in Standing Committee and the general tenor of the criticisms was that the Bill changed those relationships into a list of statutory requirements—with all the lack of humanity which such a list involves. The super-security given to tenants, on the other hand, would, it was said, mean that fewer properties would come into the market and the chances of new capital and fresh blood be diminished. More recent amendments to Clause 30, which is largely intended to protect the sitting tenant against the land speculator buying to re-sell, give the Minister a deciding say in all cases—and wider grounds on which to decide. This greater discretion will not lessen the administrative burden of the Minister, and, though in practice it is unlikely that the county agricultural committee on whose advice the Minister relies would countenance the displacement of any efficient farmer, there will now be a great many cases of "relative hardship" to decide apart from the questions of appeals to the Agricultural Land Tribunal.

Criticisms of the arrangements for assured markets and guaranteed prices are more general in character. One is that they are meaningless in so far as the Government retain powers to limit the assured market for particular commodities. The Government undoubtedly hope, with experience, to evolve a technique for steering production "into those channels which will best serve the national interest," but they have met this particular criticism half-way by promising to continue to accept complete liability for assuring markets for the whole of the guaranteed price commodities with the exception of sugar-beet and oats. The exceptions are easy to understand. Beet production is limited by factory capacity, and it might be foolish to encourage farmers to sell the oats required for their own stock. The latter question is closely connected with the long-term programme for limiting arable and expanding livestock production. Mr. Williams has now denied that there is even a vague possibility of the cutting down of imports of feeding-stuffs and says that it is the desire of the Government to buy as many million tons as may be available. This assurance may not satisfy those who see no advantage in bulk purchasing, but it shows that the Government are sticking to their guns in one very important matter.

BIRDS AND MAY

*THE twisted trunk of yonder tree
Is crowned with light as maid with hair,
It throws a circle wide and free,
And holds aloft a canopy
Of tangled blossom on the air.*

*This waxen moonlight of the may
Has lit a lacy, green-shot bower
Where rosy, tumbling children play,
And birds throw careless songs away,
And look so drab beside a flower!*

*So brown to trill a coloured song,
They that should rise on rainbow wing!
Nol 'tis this snowy thick-set throng
Of buds that swell out round, along
The boughs, and open white, should sing.*

CONSTANCE N. C. BENNETT.

APSLEY HOUSE

FITTING recognition of the munificent gesture of the 7th Duke of Wellington in giving Apsley House and its contents to the nation was expressed on the occasion of the Second Reading of the Wellington Museum Bill in the House of Lords. While credit is due to the Government for accepting the financial liabilities and the novel proposal that the donor and his successors should continue to occupy the second floor, the scale of the gift is indicated by Lord Henderson's estimate of the open market value of the site at £400,000 and of the contents at a like sum. The land, leased from the Crown by Lord Bathurst when he built the original house from Adam's design, was bought outright by the great Duke after purchasing the lease from his brother Marquess Wellesley and enlarging the house to its present form. Thus, it was not, as is often supposed, a gift to him from the country. The Wellesley family has never been a rich one, and the sale of this immensely important site (which might well have affected Hyde Park Corner as prejudicially as the new power station will South London), together with the disposal of the Wellington treasures, would at least have provided a considerable accretion to its finances. The present Duke, however, who it may be recalled was successively a member of the Diplomatic Corps, a well-known practising architect and a soldier before he succeeded his nephew, had another and loftier scale of values. It will be some time before the war damage to the house can be repaired and the public can enjoy this exceptional donation. But the exhibition opened on Wednesday at the Victoria and Albert Museum of a selection of its artistic and historic wealth affords a magnificent sample of it.

THE COLORADO BEETLE

WE have enjoyed immunity from the infestation of the Colorado beetle for many years, and it is to be hoped that no feeling of false security will prevent the public from giving

every aid in their power to the defence against this dangerous pest, which is now ravaging potato crops in much of Western Europe. Though such infestations as occurred in 1946 were fortunately confined to very small areas, the exhortation to "look out for it" and to report the beetle wherever seen was no unnecessary precaution. Early last summer single beetles were found at various ports and airports with clear histories of carriage on vegetables from the Continent. Other individuals were found later at other points without obvious foreign connections. Actual infestations with numbers of grubs and egg batches were later discovered in ten places in East Anglia and the south-eastern counties, namely, Sittingbourne, Deal and Linton, Kent, Newhaven, Addington Orsett, Edmonton, March, Fulbourn, Cambridgeshire, and Watlington, Norfolk, and, though two of these occurred in one of the main potato-growing districts of Cambridgeshire and Norfolk, infestation was mercifully confined to a comparatively small area. The danger, however, was real enough, and this year sufficient specimens have already been identified to show that cross-Channel traffic of every kind is bound to carry the risk of individual introductions and possible infestation. The moral is to carry the offender at once on discovery to the nearest police station.

OLYMPIA, 1947

THERE has been something lacking in London shows since the war, and now we know what it is—the Royal Tournament. We have had recruiting drives and displays, but the best recruiting drive of all, the best tonic to queue-ridden nerves, is this electric, tightly packed, dramatic shop window of the Services, which in 67 years and 57 shows has drawn more than 12,000,000 people, first to the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, and then to Olympia for the last 40 years. The revival this year must bring back many memories of 1939, when the last show was held, and back to more colourful times, the scarlet and the blue, the full-dress musical rides and drives, the tournament of armoured, crested chivalry, which was a favourite early feature, and all the pomp and circumstance of an unmechanical era. Except for the herbaceous-border pattern of uniforms and school blazers that filled the audience at the private view, and the massed pipers at the finale, colour was largely absent. The horse is still represented, but—signs of the times—by the Royal Army Service Corps and the Veterinary services. Instead of knights in armour, we have the Commandos, knights of the modern age. But changes in detail mean little to the Services and the Royal Tournament; the spirit, the élan which informs the whole proceedings, is unchanged and somehow in that small arena all the Empire and its history seem to be contained. We may take a nostalgic glance back from this Olympia, but we can also take a confident and hopeful look ahead.

CAMBRIDGE AND WOMEN'S DEGREES

FIFTY years ago those who are now elderly gentlemen were swarming outside the Senate House railings at Cambridge, applauding the black masses of country parsons who had come up to vote against women's degrees. Presently they began to throw squibs over the railings, and the great body of M.A.s retired cautiously out of range, all save one young and gallant M.A., who remained alone, like the boy on the burning deck, picked up the squibs and hurled them back into the crowd. The survivor of that scene to-day probably stand amazed at their early and reactionary tendencies, and will rejoice that women are now in all human probability to become Members of the University and that Cambridge will then equal Oxford in sense and chivalry. It is recommended that they be eligible for all offices save that of Proctor and Esquire Bedell, and to those exceptions the most resolute feminists will hardly object. John Leech, who made pleasant fun of the notion of female police, would have been delighted with female proctors. Police-women have come since then, but it is probably wise not to entrust to women the duty of asking a too hilarious young gentleman his name and college.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By
Major C. S. JARVIS

IN these Notes recently I commented on the vivid cerulean blue of the common tit in the early part of the year, and wondered why it was that Lord Tennyson, while on the topic of spring changes, overlooked this bird. A correspondent has called my attention to the Rev. F. D. Rawnsley's book, *Memoirs of the Tennysons*, in which there is evidence to prove that one of the reasons why the Poet Laureate of those days did not mention the blue tit was that he was unable to identify it. The author of these memoirs describes how he called the poet's attention to the line in *In Memoriam* which runs "flits by the sea-blue bird of March," and asked what bird it was that he was alluding to. Lord Tennyson replied that he "supposed" it must have been the kingfisher, and it was then pointed out to him that, though the kingfisher might "shoot by" or "flash by," it certainly could not "flit by." The only blue bird which could move in that fashion would be the blue tit.

"Well," said the old poet, "make it a tit; I daresay it was a tit, but I have quite forgotten, and I know I have told other folk it was a kingfisher."

Incidentally, it occurs to me that this vivid colouring in the early spring is by no means general among blue tits, and that some cocks are far more brilliant than others. I have gone to the trouble of casting a critical sartorial eye over the many pairs nesting in the garden and orchard, but though all the cocks are in bright plumage there is only one of them that has achieved really vivid tropical colouring. I wonder if it pleases his wife, or whether it causes her anxiety when he is kept out late on his search for food.

I HAVE always admired and tried to emulate in every way the real optimist—the man who looks always on the bright side and hopes for the best. I think possibly a lot depends on one's calling in life as to whether one is an optimist or a pessimist, and that presumably an undertaker unconsciously takes a more gloomy view of things than does, say, the man whose task it is to write the script for seed catalogues. The author of seed catalogues, however, has some justification for being an optimist since, if—repeat if!—the mice do not eat the seeds immediately they are sown, the slugs do not graze off the crop directly it appears above the ground, the weather plays its part all the time, the rabbit does not get through the wire into the garden and the tits and jays do not tear the plants to pieces, the pea seed about which he writes so lyrically will in all probability grow into the "enormous bearers of large and beautiful pods. 3½ ft. 2s. 4d. per pint—4s. 6d. per quart."

I AM surprised to find that a chief constable should be an optimist, since I should have thought that, with a car being stolen every hour of the day and an armed burglary being committed every hour of the night in his area, he might be excused if he took a somewhat gloomy view of things.

There is, however, at least one chief constable who looks on the bright side and predicts the best. An application was made recently by a former big-game huntress for permission to possess a small revolver, since she was partly disabled and had to spend much of her time alone in an isolated house. The permit was refused by the police and the chief constable's attitude, as defined by the lady's counsel, was that "it is neither necessary nor



SHADOWS ON THE WALL: LENHAM, KENT

T. Edmondson

desirable in this country for persons to have firearms solely for the purpose of protection."

So far as I know there are only two possible reasons for the possession of a small revolver: one is defence and the other must unquestionably be attack. Since some favoured members of the population are still allowed to retain their firearms one is left to imagine the reasons for the concession. In the existing state of the law it is entirely within the discretion of the chief constable to decide whether a man is fitted to be entrusted with a firearm or not. In one district there may reside a Mr. William Smith, M.B.E., who is considered a sufficiently reliable citizen to own a revolver and is, therefore, entitled to put up a show against an armed burglar, whereas Lieut.-Col. John Brown, D.S.O. with bar, *Légion d'Honneur* and the Serbian Order of Chastity, is not, and must submit to being trussed up like a fowl while his possessions are removed. I have often wondered what it is that enables a chief constable to make his decisions. Do the police employ special snoopers to listen in to breakfast-table conversations, and put a black mark against a man if, when he opens his morning mail, he breathes very natural threats of assassination against his correspondents, most of whom to-day are Government planners, food and fuel officers, pig census enumerators, chicken ration distributors and controllers of timber, trowels and tenpenny nails?

IN an interesting booklet, *Ducks and Geese*, issued by the Spanish State Tourist Department, the late Mr. W. H. Riddell, who lived near Seville for seventeen years, gives much information about these migratory wild-fowl in Spain. Mr. Riddell, who died recently, is a great loss to the ornithological world, since he had been a student of the ways of ducks and geese all his life, and was also an extremely clever artist, his water-colour illustrations of his favourite birds being exceptionally good and putting him easily in the front rank.

In this pamphlet Mr. Riddell draws comparisons between the migration of wild-fowl to the British Isles and to Spain, and when he mentions that over a hundred grey lag-geese have been shot in a day by one gun in Spain one realises that this country at the best of times harbours only the stragglers from the main migration. To quote Mr. Riddell: "If any British sportsman shot with a shoulder gun as many as ten geese in a day he would have something to talk about for the rest of his life." On the credit side of the British Isles is the fact that, whereas

Spain is visited by only one wild goose—the grey-lag—this country can record almost every year the arrival of at least six varieties.

THE duck that migrate to Spain during the winter months are of much the same varieties as those that come to this country, with the addition of the marbled duck, the gadwall and the garganey teal. I admit that both the gadwall and the garganey teal are known in this country, but they are seen only occasionally in certain favoured spots, and the discovery of a specimen of either of these in the bag at the end of the day will usually start a "What-is-it" discussion.

The two varieties that visit southern Spain in the greatest numbers are the wigeon and teal, and there is a particularly good description of the arrival of the first of the wigeon to the autumn-flooded Marismas at the mouth of the Guadalquivir river which gives the reader some idea of the vast magnitude of the migration. Mr. Riddell states that he had been shooting on the marshes in early December, and the sport had been only moderate until midday, when great packs of wigeon began to pass overhead, having flown southwards during the night "with the assured knowledge, the miraculous foresight that all duck possess, that the Marismas were after their long drought in a fit state for their accommodation. We stood to watch their endless companies and battalions pass over in a steady stream until we were almost dazed by the beat and throb of their innumerable wings—and this mighty concourse was merely the small vanguard of the great armies that were yet to come." Mr. Riddell states that there are many ornithologists in Europe who fear that the stock of duck is definitely on the decrease, and that at no distant date the decline will reach a perilous point. He gives it as his opinion that so far there is no decrease in the number that visit Spain every year when the weather conditions are suitable.

ANOTHER particularly interesting point that Mr. Riddell establishes is that the teal is quite capable of flying 300 miles between dusk and dawn for his midnight feed. Teal are frequently shot at Daimiel in New Castile with their crops filled with fresh rice, and the nearest rice fields to Daimiel are those at Valencia, 150 miles to the east. This beats the record established by the Senegal sand-grouse of Kharga Oasis in the Libyan Desert, which every day fly a distance of approximately 200 miles to obtain their food and drink.

CATS' COMPANY

Written & Illustrated by
**CLELAND
 SCOTT**



WHEREVER one lives one requires entertainment, which can vary according to one's tastes. Kenya has a great deal to commend it, and if concerts and plays are lacking, there are compensations. My partner, Mrs. Lloyd Greame, and I find ours in having lions and leopards in and around the house. We have made countless resolutions to desist, but somehow or other, frequently out of pity for some lion or leopard, these come to nothing. Admittedly the association often ends in tears, but that is life—human or animal. In the meantime we have a lot of fun, and so do the cats.

Often we are asked why we like such dangerous, destructive and untrustworthy beasts. There are several answers to this question. First and foremost, lions and leopards are true cats, and so are extremely independent; one has to work for their affections, which cannot be taken for granted. They are very demonstrative—when they feel that way; whereas the dog suffers from a sense of duty and so you expect automatic outward affection, not to mention obedience, from it.

Before writing of amusing, tragic and risky episodes I had better mention certain fundamentals. You cannot dogmatise about lions and leopards; they vary in character just as we do, and what may work on Monday may be useless on Thursday. Most people dislike their

uncertainty, but to us this quality is their greatest charm.

When a lion or a leopard—though far fewer leopards have been tried as pets—kills or seriously mauls someone there is nearly always an adequate reason for its actions. The owner has become blasé, careless, cussed, or has tried to make the beast do something that he knows is unwise.

Ours is not a circus act; we have never tried to train our pets to do tricks; we just live with them.

The ideal set-up would be two islands; one for yourselves and the cats, the other for your staff and domestic animals. Failing that, a large tract of land well removed from neighbours or, if that is impracticable, a few acres near the house surrounded by a deep moat so that your pets cannot stray. We have always had far more trouble with our neighbours than with our cats.

We started to live with lions in 1938, beginning with Romeo and Juliet, whom we bought from the local zoo. We had wanted one lion only, since we wished to find out if a solitary beast would not be more satisfactory than a pair; if you have only one it is more dependent on you. But after we had removed Juliet, poor Romeo looked so forlorn that we had not the heart to leave him behind.

A year or so later an advertisement suggested

that a lively, friendly lion cub was badly in need of a home and we fell for that. He got lost on the way, and, to comfort my partner after a fruitless journey to Nairobi, I bought Ting-a-Ling, a three-week-old lioness. We had been back only a short time when the missing lion, whom we called Kitgum, as that was where he had originally been caught, arrived.

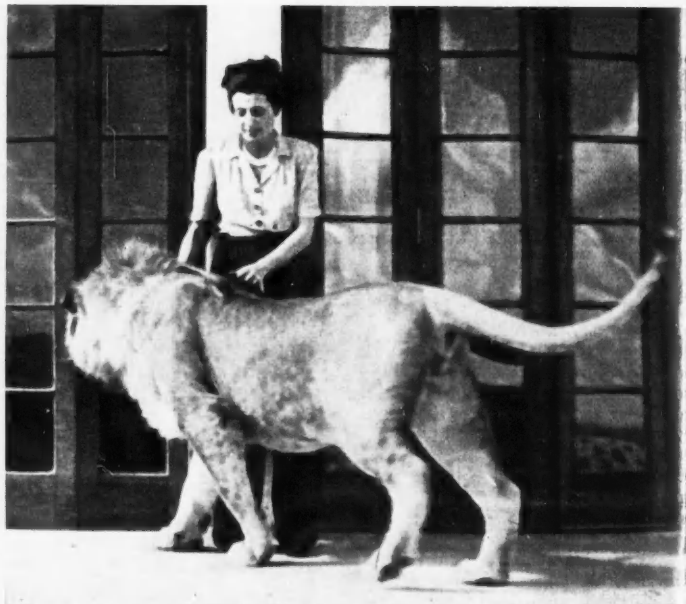
Romeo and Juliet reduced the numbers of the poultry quite considerably, and did neither the furniture nor the garden any good, and when they were reinforced by Kitgum and Ting-a-Ling, life became a trifle hectic. Kitgum was about six months old when we got him. As they grew, we discovered that Ting and Juliet were much more reliable than Romeo and Kitgum.

The reason for the erratic behaviour of the male is, to put it bluntly, sex. Once the male grows up he becomes uncertain. If you give him a lioness he will go for you without warning the moment she comes in season, a state that occurs with disconcerting suddenness. If you deny him the comforts of a mate he becomes fractious. But if you keep your eyes open there is usually clear evidence how both lions and lionesses are feeling and what they are going to do.

The things to watch are the eyes, ears and tail. Normally the eyes are warm and friendly, but as soon as the animals get annoyed the pupils contract to pin-points of fire. The ears, once they begin to lie flat, much less get folded right back, are a second danger signal; normally they are erect. When the tail is swished from side to side, and finally is held aloft, it means the beast is about to charge or spring, depending on how close you are. At all times the lion is more demonstrative than the lioness and makes much more fuss of you.

Another discovery we made was that it seems impossible to house-train a male; it is true that we have never had a male at the age of three weeks, but from two months onwards they just refuse to co-operate. Ting-a-ling was completely house-trained; after the first two nights she never once did indoors things that are best done outside. She slept on my partner's bed for more than nine months, and she still liked her bottle when she was almost a year old.

During the war we had to move down to Nairobi and soon ran into trouble because we persisted in letting Romeo and Juliet roam about at week-ends; Kitgum and Ting-a-ling were loose as much as they were shut up. One night Romeo and Juliet got out—our runs were never notable for their strength—and severely mauled a neighbour's cow, chased his hens and strolled into his kitchen. Juliet happened to come into season at the same time, and, since on these occasions food is of no interest to them, I was unable to entice them back. Even a basin of eggs, normally a certain enticement, failed,



"WHEN A LION REARS UP IN WELCOME YOU TOPPLE OVER UNLESS YOU ARE FULLY PREPARED" (Right) STRAW THINKS IT IS TIME TO GO INDOORS



ANNABELLA II IS A LITTLE UNCERTAIN

and Romeo threatened to tear down the netting that enclosed Kitgum and Ting-a-ling; I had visions of four lions being on the loose. The neighbour informed me in a curt note that I did not get Romeo and Juliet back quickly or he would shoot both, so, in order to save Juliet, I myself had the unpleasant job of shooting Romeo.

Later on our landlord was able to evict us. In our next house circumstances arose that caused us to break all our own rules. One of these was never to get ourselves in a situation that would lead to a show-down; but this one was forced on us. I had shot a zebra and, after cutting it up, had put it in a tree. One Sunday afternoon Kitgum was frolicking about while we were having tea. We had not finished our meal before a native shoved his head through the window and remarked that Kitgum, who by then was nearly fully grown, had climbed the tree and come down with a leg of zebra.

This was distressing news, for if he ate a lot he would be too lazy to move, and how would we then get him back into his run? It was essential to do this, as we had work to do in Nairobi, and if we left him out he would probably tour the countryside after dark, spreading alarm and despondency, or even get himself shot. Plainly it was necessary either to remove the leg from him, or him from it. Knowing that lions are great bluffers we decided to bluff him. In order to save time I refrained from trying to persuade my partner to let me deal with this situation on my own, and we each got hold of long, swishy branches, to which I added a sack over one arm. My idea was that if our bluff failed, and Kitgum charged, I would throw the sack in his face, which I calculated would put him off his stroke.

We walked towards Kitgum, shouting at him to go away, and at the same time swished our withies around our heads. Lions know perfectly well when they have done wrong; they sense this partly from your attitude but mainly from the tone of your voice. Kitgum looked at us and we noticed that he appeared worried. All three danger signals were missing as we continued our advance. There was one awkward moment when we wondered if he were going to rush us, but his eyes remained startled, not plain livid. When we were about 12 yards distant he turned and ran, as did we—on to the meat. We posted three boys as stops with instructions to beat paraffin tins, and Kitgum entered his run at the double. But it was not an experiment that we have any desire to repeat.

Later, we again had to move, and shortly afterwards Juliet gave birth to one very feeble cub. Everything had gone wrong, mainly owing to Kitgum's treatment of her. He treated her as badly as he treated Ting-a-ling well. He would even take meat to the latter, whereas he bullied poor Juliet, and I saw him clout her in the tummy just before her cubs were born. I am sure that he was responsible for the balance of

cub which its owner assured us was a lioness, but the lioness turned out to be a lion. He, too, suffered from rickets, and although he was a nice little beast he was a great deal of trouble. At the time I was working in the control room of Cable and Wireless in the afternoons. One dreadful moment I remember with Jossey, as he had been named, was when I looked up to see him in the studio with the main lead in his mouth. I used to take him with me and he generally snoozed at my feet. This was one of those moments when haste would have been fatal: I wandered into the studio and gently inserted my finger behind his eye teeth and tickled his tongue so that he let go of the lead. Having got it out I attracted his attention elsewhere and shoed him outside.

Shortly afterwards I was buying some petrol when I noticed a leopardess in a cage that was much too small for her. Passing natives were making her life a burden, so I asked the owner if he would sell her; instead, he gave her to me. Annabella had been caught by an Arab at the coast and had obviously been teased ever since. She must have been about nine months old and was rather aloof, but we soon got her to become perfectly friendly. She was the essence of grace, and much more feline than any lion will ever be. Her eyes were colder than those of a lion, and she would look through you even more thoroughly than a lion does, which is saying a lot.

She and Jossey used to play together, but Annabella was so quick that she made rings round Jossey, and one day broke one of his hind legs. His bones were brittle from bad early feeding and rickets, but we managed to set the leg by keeping him half doped for a week. His leg healed, but the damp weather during the rains seemed to affect him, so I gave him an overdose of the drug.

I also had to shoot Kitgum because obviously he would one day have killed a friend's child. We have noticed that both lions and leopards dislike children; other dislikes are fluttering frocks, the baggy trousers of Indian carpenters and most Africans. I would never trust any lion or leopard within range of a child. I think perhaps they dislike the quick, sudden movements a child makes; also they have an instinctive desire to kill anything that is easy meat.

Ting produced a pair of fine male cubs and remained the nicest of all our lions. Nevertheless we were so badgered by neighbours and by our landlord that we decided to turn her and Annabella wild. The Belgians run their superb *Parc Nationale Albert* as a park should be run. They do not let people take rifles into it, so that it seemed to be the place for our experiment. Fortunately we knew the chief warden, and he was willing to take our pets. After a journey by train and lorry we tried to teach Ting to earn her living. She just looked at game with a pained expression that almost said "they run much too fast." Her attempts at her first kill boded ill for her future, as the sheep in question died partly from fright and partly from



ALEXANDER WAITS TO DABBLE HIS PAWS IN THE BATH

the litter being still-born and for my having to act as midwife to a lioness. Poor Juliet never recovered.

Meanwhile I bought a four-month-old cub from some South African soldiers who did not know what to do with him; they had let him get rickets and would feed him on beer and gin. He was called Dopey, and after a few months caught cat distemper and died in my arms just as I thought I had pulled him through; his heart gave out.

A few months later we were given another



"ANOTHER HELPING, PLEASE," ASKS JULIET



"COME ON! GET UP!"

asphyxiation. She did, however, manage to defend the carcass against the attentions of a bunch of hyenas.

She liked to spend the heat of the day lounging about in the tent. At night wild lions grunted all round, but she was totally disinterested and did not even deign to answer them. She slept between our beds. We had only a limited time at our disposal, and it seemed that as long as we were around she would not try her paw at hunting. In order that she would not feel too lost we left the tent as a background, and took Annabella to an area near the warden's house where he assured us there were a lot of leopards. She used to disappear by day, but always returned in the evening.

Annabella had always preferred men to women, and at times used to look at me with a most "goosey" expression. Her chief drawback had been her thieving propensities. Both of us lost a lot of our clothes and we had said good-bye to every cushion at home; she used to take them out into the bushes and tear them into small pieces. On the other hand, she broke far fewer things in the house than the lions did.

Soon after our return to Nairobi we received two letters from the game warden. The first said that Annabella had repaid his hospitality—we had stayed with him and she had had the run of his house—by bringing back her boy friend;

between them they had killed two sheep waiting transport to Ting, the whole of his poultry and his cat. The second letter announced that Ting had been seen promenading with a handsome male.

For a time we were catless, and then I managed to come by a second leopardess, Annabella II, who had been living at the Yellow Fever station at Entebbe. A month or two later a friend dropped a male leopard, Alexander, on to my shoulder with the remark that the owner had been posted away, and that she was sure we would be kind to it. Alexander was about a year old and was the funny man of the party.

Having had only three leopards, we cannot be as definite about them as about lions, but we consider that with them the male seems more reliable. They are also cleaner about the house; both Annabellas knew what an earth- or sandpan was for. One other thing we found out was that leopards are extremely scent conscious. All

went into ecstasies over any new scent my partner came across, rubbing their faces over and over her hair. Alexander used to go wild with joy over a rose. First he would sniff at it—and how!—then he would cuddle it, next he would begin licking it, hugging it to his soft chest; and finally he would eat it.

Being comparatively light, that is judging by lion standards, leopards are easier to handle. When a lion rears up on you in welcome you just topple over, being unable to stand the weight, unless you are leaning against a wall or are fully prepared. Leopards, we discovered love to jump on your back. Provided you know them



ANNABELLA I DREAMS OF THE JUNGLE

and keep still it is all right, but if you are nervous and start to wriggle, out come the claws with purpose behind them. Annabella I used to give me beautiful vibro massage on the back of my head.

At this time I was living in a flat with both the leopards; by day they inhabited a near-by cellar. I was already experiencing neighbour trouble, and worse, the municipal authorities began gunning for me, for there was a bye-law prohibiting the keeping of wild animals in Nairobi. I was laughing this off quite successfully when I was offered a six-month-old lion whose owner could not cart him round with him on safari. At first I resisted the temptation, and then I succumbed. He arrived one evening, and my partner said, "Really, this is the last straw," and Straw he was called. He was a pet, although to start with he was a little too possessive even for a lion.

Luckily for me, my partner bought two hundred acres ten miles out of Nairobi, so that when the Municipality threatened me I had somewhere to park the cats. I had already had to abandon my flat and live in a caravan with the leopards because the occupant of the next-door flat was nervous. But before leaving the flat I found out that leopards seem to like water, particularly hot water. Alexander and Annabella used to dabble their front paws in the bath during my ablutions, and twice Annabella jumped clean into the bath with me.

As time went on my partner's house began to take shape, and Alexander and Straw took a great interest in it. Every week-end they leapt and crawled over it, balancing on scaffolding to see how much progress had been made during the week.

Poor Annabella was dead by this time. I had had to shoot her, not for anything she had done to us, but because of her exploits with others. She had rather badly clawed a native who happened to be passing by. The police prosecuted me for having wild animals not under proper control; I went to court three times, but each time the chief witness, the victim, was missing; he had returned to his reserve after getting out of hospital, and could not be located, so the charge against me was withdrawn.

We used to exercise our family on the veld a little way outside Nairobi, much to the perplexity of sundry camels, cattle, sheep and



"WHERE'S THAT DRIVER?"

goats. As our pets grew I went farther afield in order to get away from humanity, and one day two prisoners-of-war came a long way out of their line of march to see these strange beasts. One of them evidently realised what a fool he had been, and presumably exuded a strong scent of fear, for Annabella jumped straight on to his back, ripped it thoroughly, and then bit right through his arm. He developed gas gangrene, but recovered, and will have a superb story to tell of how he came by what should be a fine set of scars. I felt that if Annabella would persist in trying to rival Jack the Ripper I would be in real trouble one day so I had to shoot her.

When Alexander and Straw first met, the former was the heavier, and Straw was well aware of the fact. Had they had a real scrap Straw would not have had a chance owing to his comparative lack of weight. We were told that it would be impossible for a lion and leopard to live together once they grew up, but this we found was just another fallacy. They succeeded in getting along together very nicely.

Presently the Game Department asked me to go and confiscate five lion cubs which had been caught without a permit. I did so, and like every sort of a fool I could not resist buying three, whom we christened Bewitched, Bothered



THERE'S ROOM FOR ONE MORE

taste our blood when they have scratched us, and without exception they showed acute distaste for the stuff; the blood of a zebra or antelope they like a lot and it is good for them. They are as prone to rickets as is any human being; the skin and hair of game, or domestic stock, is better than cod-liver oil as an anti-ricket measure.

While in New York recently I was able to prove two of our theories about cats in general. One concerns their alleged fondness for human blood, and the other that some people have what I may call a way with the cat tribe. The Bronx Zoo authorities let me over the barrier that protects the animals from the public, and I made one great friend, a lioness. One day I put a finger too far into her mouth. She bit it fairly hard so that it bled. In order to retrieve that finger I put my other hand into her mouth and tickled her tongue, but in doing this the other one began bleeding. Having got both hands back on to my side of the bars I let the blood run a bit, and then wiped it over her mouth and nose; she at once wrinkled her nose in distaste and made no attempt to catch hold of either hand again.

On several occasions I scratched a black panther between the ears and tickled the chest of a snow leopard, and then turned my attention to one of the tigers. I did not know how one attracts a tiger, and the keeper told me to purr. I made various noises: presently it came and, later on, was most loving, licking my face in a most gentle manner.

We have been told that we must be heartless to let any lion of our own go to a zoo. Both we and the lions in question have been in a cleft stick. It was zoo or death for them. As all our lions have been obtained very young they have never known the alleged joys of freedom. When it comes down to hard facts how many human beings are really free? It is difficult to miss something you have never known. We do not believe that one could turn a male lion on to the veld because the other males would go for him, and

he, soft from easy living, would stand no chance; but a lioness, yes. So one either has the unpleasant job of shooting them oneself, to make sure the job is done properly, or of sending them to a zoo. Whatever one's views on zoos may be, it will be a long time before they are abolished, if ever. Now that National Parks have been established in Africa wild life is safe, and Kenya will have the best parks of all later on.

At the moment we are devoid of cats because we happen to live very close to the small National Park just outside Nairobi. There is no denying the fact that domesticated lions attract wild ones. Having entered the settled area the wild ones come across cattle, horses, or pigs; they find these easy to kill and good to eat, and naturally repeat their exploits, and so have to be destroyed. Life without any of these large felines seems dull, so we have turned our minds to tigers. It will be fun to have a tiger in Africa. From what I saw of them in zoos their eyes seem a cross between those of a lion and those of a leopard; from what I have heard their characters also seem midway between the two. In any case, it will be an interesting experiment and gives us something to look forward to.



TING-A-LING'S FIRST BATH

and Bewitched. Bewitched was a male and the others were females.

Not long afterwards the National Park people asked me to get rid of Straw because of his attraction to wild lions, and I managed to sell him to the London Zoo, where he has proved a great draw. Before he went we made a film in which he and Alexander were the stars, while the Three B's, as they were known, took secondary parts. Straw took to developing a most mischievous look in his eye, and during the making of the film cracked one of my partner's ribs.

As the three B's went on growing I merely waited for another request, this time to shift them. After a lot of effort I managed to persuade the London Zoo to accept them as a gift and they arrived in grand fettle.

One day we were late in arriving, and an African, in order that he should get away dead on time, let Alexander out before we arrived. For over two years he had never gone any distance save towards the house, but this day, finding no one at home, he wandered off—we flatter ourselves to look for us. He reached a neighbour's house and was promptly shot, unnecessarily in our opinion. Alexander I had determined to keep; he was incredibly tame and never hurt anyone—much.

A question we are always asked is what weapon we carry when we are with our cats. The answer is none, as we have no intention of showing a lack of confidence in ourselves. Another question is, "How far can you trust them?" The answer to that one is: "As far as you can trust any human being." Chance may produce the temptation for which either species will fall; pedestals are brittle, anyway.

A popular fallacy is that once a lion tastes human blood it immediately tears you into small pieces. We have made every lion and leopard



"SHALL WE BE FRIENDS?"



NICHOLAS HILLIARD and ISAAC OLIVER

By DENYS SUTTON

(Left) 1.—HENRY VIII
Lent by H.M. The King

(Right) 2.—EDWARD VI
Lent by H.M. The King

(Below) 3.—A SELF-PORTRAIT OF
HILLIARD AT THE AGE OF THIRTY
Victoria and Albert Museum

The portraits on this page are all by Nicholas Hilliard.



IN an article in *COUNTRY LIFE* of May 30 the hope was expressed that the study of Elizabethan painting would receive an increased degree of attention and that an attempt would be made to illuminate the artistic tendencies at what was one of the supreme moments in our literary history.

An excellent opportunity for broadening our knowledge of Elizabethan art is now provided by the exhibition of miniatures by Nicholas Hilliard (1547-1619) and Isaac Oliver (*circa* 1565-1617), which will be on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum (Exhibition Road entrance) for about the next two months. It contains over a hundred miniatures by Hilliard and eighty miniatures by Oliver, as well as the only two known drawings by the former and a selection of drawings by the latter. Hilliard's work as a goldsmith is represented by the casts of the great seal of England, which he designed for Queen Elizabeth in 1584, and by the lovely Armada Gold Badge which is thought to be by him. These are shown against a background of furniture, embroidery and *objets d'art*, chosen to suggest the spirit of the age and to indicate some of the other forms of Elizabethan art. The catalogue of the exhibition, which has been written by Mr. Graham Reynolds, is admirably produced; it is in the nature of a monograph on the artists concerned.

Some of the miniatures exhibited have been lent by His Majesty the King and Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands; others come from private collections, including those of the Dukes of Buccleuch and Portland; many of



them have never been previously seen by the public. They succeed in giving a memorable view of one of the most characteristic and delightful forms of Elizabethan art. With its utilitarian yet often symbolical nature, the miniature suggests, too, much of the spirit of the age, particularly that of the Court.

As we regard these mementos of handsome courtiers and lovely ladies we can almost hear the soft sound of the virginals and the charming conceits of the Elizabethan lyric. But the exhibition is not only a delight to the eye; it is an exact contribution to our knowledge and understanding of the period. The personalities of Hilliard and Oliver can be clearly observed, with their similarities and their essential differences in style and feeling. Both were portraitists, both used the same medium, both were goldsmiths by origin, yet how different is one from the other.

Hilliard was both a craftsman and a psychologist. He had all the contemporary love of splendour, seeking to catch the rich reflections of fine jewels in the colours of his minia-

tures. His sense of decoration is exquisite. But he not only placed his sitters against the background of their age, as in his celebrated portrait of a Youth leaning against a Tree; he was able to suggest character and personality. In his directness and insight he stemmed from the tradition of Holbein, though his art owed much to the French. The delicate moulding of the features in his portrait of Edward VI (Fig. 2) suggests the refinement of Clouet; and he was not without admirers across the Channel. His own contribution was definite and personal. He had a robust and searching way of looking into the minds of his sitters. His portrait of Henry VIII (Fig. 1), though necessarily not from life, is a proper image of the man and as forceful as any of Holbein's large-scale paintings; the proud curve of the eyebrows suggests the voluptuousness and rapacity of the Renaissance prince.

Hilliard was single-minded in his approach: his art is a variation on only a few themes. Yet each portrait is differently treated, differently characterised. At first sight, a case of his



QUEEN ELIZABETH
Victoria and Albert Museum



5.—GEORGE CLIFFORD, THIRD EARL OF CUMBERLAND
The National Maritime Museum, Greenwich



(Left) 6.—MRS. OLIVER
Lent by the Duke of Portland

(Right) 7.—DR. DONNE
Lent by H.M. The King

(Below) 8.—LUCY HARINGTON,
COUNTESS OF BEDFORD
Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge



The portraits on this page are all by Isaac Oliver.

miniatures might appear to provide only a generalised view of his sitters with the same faces, the same costumes, and the same social status. On closer inspection, however, each figure emerges with his or her personality defined. Some of his portraits naturally have common features, the shaping of his women's eyebrows being often identical; but each is the portrait of a different person. Stylistically, his miniatures derived from the tradition of Court painting; many are doubtless idealised and belong to the international manner of the "romantic" portrait. They possess that love of elegance and decoration which distinguishes the word play of the early Shakespeare. A friend of Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Christopher Hatton and Sir Robert Cecil, Hilliard moved in Court circles. As the Queen's limner and goldsmith he naturally paid tribute to the Queen by portraying an idealised version of her beauty (Fig. 4).

For all that, however, his portraits present a true picture of their age and of the personality of his sitters; indeed, as so many portraits do, they present the image that appeared to the artist's

mind and not only that desired by his patron. His celebrated portrait of George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland (Fig. 5) may have all the trappings of the grand official portrait, anticipating the idealised style of Van Dyck; yet in the fine miniature of his father the approach is realistic: the careful eyes and the prickly beard are duly noted.

Within the compass of his art he could suggest, too, the tempestuous personality of Drake and, as in his portrait of An Unknown Man against a Background of Flames, sound a deeper note of melancholy and passion. He responded to good looks and to elegance, and some of his most successful miniatures are portraits of youths and young men which show that, in the very years when Shakespeare was composing his sonnets, Hilliard mirrors one characteristic aspect of the Elizabethan age—its admiration of the male virtues. His own self-portrait (Fig. 3) shows a man of great sensibility with an almost mocking sense of humour which enables us to understand well his belief in the aristocratic nature of his art. "I wish it were so," he once declared, "that none should meddle with limning but gentlemen alone."

Oliver has the same sense of courtliness and was a shrewd judge of character. Yet he lacked something of Hilliard's direct linearism and precise delicacy. Belonging to a later generation, he was concerned to rival the history painters of the contemporary scene.

More eclectic than Hilliard's, his work reflects the influence of Italy and the Low Countries. The portraits of Mrs. Oliver (Fig. 6) with her comfortable, comely features and of a little girl with her serious, almost puzzled, expression possess the homely virtues of a Dutch picture.

Yet he could turn from this note of domesticity to execute the delicious and romantic portrait said to be of Sir Philip Sidney (Fig. 9)



or show Lord Herbert of Cherbury with all the aristocratic elegance of his time. His art reflects something of the tension of the Jacobean age: his portrait of Richard Sackville, third Earl of Dorset (Fig. 10) fits the contemporary description of him that he was "a man of spirit and talent, but a licentious spendthrift." His eye was alert and in his fascinating portrait of Lucy Harington, Countess of Bedford, the noble patroness of Ben Jonson, Drayton, Chapman and Donne he did not hesitate to depict her long nose and her almost melancholy look (Fig. 8).

Her beauty is that of the spirit rather than of the flesh. He was able to assess, too, in his portrait of Dr. Donne, with its piercing eyes, the poet's own qualities of self-analysis and biting comment (Fig. 7).

"Rare beauties are (even as diamonds are found among the savage Indians) more commonly found in this isle of England than elsewhere," wrote Hilliard. Together he and Oliver present a vivid and understanding picture of the Elizabethan age, with its passion and its vitality, its exuberance and its sense of beauty. As one looks at this array of miniatures portraying the great figures of a great age, Queen Elizabeth's noble words take on an added majesty: "Though God hath raised me high, yet this I count the glory of my crown: that I have reigned with your loves."



9.—PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN, SAID TO BE SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Lent by H.M. The King



10.—RICHARD SACKVILLE, THIRD EARL OF DORSET. Victoria and Albert Museum



1.—SOUTH FRONT AND FORECOURT

JULIANS, HERTFORDSHIRE—I

THE HOME OF THE HON. MRS. P. PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE

Originally built by William Stone about 1605 and reconstructed about 1715, the house and gardens were thoroughly but sympathetically reconstructed 1937-39

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

IN the old days, many people dreamed of finding an old neglected house, restoring it beautifully, filling it with lovely things, and surrounding it with the ideal garden. To realise their dream, however imperfectly,

brought much happiness to numerous individuals and was not without benefit to the community as a whole in that, during the preceding half century, the process considerably added to the country's wealth of natural

and historical beauty, and helped to maintain the traditional applied arts. Many of these restorations were little masterpieces of derivative design, gardening, and home-making. Minor arts, perhaps, and tending towards eclecticism rather than originality; but of educative value as expressions of informed taste, upon which rests, in the aggregate, the standard of visual taste in the nation as a whole, which, in turn, has economic value expressed as exports, visible and invisible.

Julians, in the arable country near Buntingford, is a highly finished example of this process that might be called house-lifting—did not that combination of words have other implications. It is an old house—originally built in Jacobean times and reconstructed during the 18th century. But its present appearance, setting, and internal character are barely ten years old. As we see them to-day, they are due to Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, who has made many changes since she came to live here in 1940, and during whose time the garden has come to maturity. But the actual restoration of the place was done during 1937-39 by Col. Reginald Cooper, D.S.O., whose remarkable flair for discovering and resurrecting derelict houses has already been illustrated at Cold Ashton Manor (COUNTRY LIFE, February 14 and 21, 1925) and Cothay (COUNTRY LIFE, October 22 and 29, 1927).

It adjoins the village of Rushden, was at one time known as Rushden (or Riseden) Place, and stands in a little park through which a drive approaches the east side of the house. There, on the left of Fig. 1, a modest court is formed by two ranges of outbuildings and the side of the house which is generally entered thence. This arrangement would scarcely call for notice did it not exactly correspond to that shown in the engraving in Chauncy's *Hertfordshire*, about 1700, dedicated to "Mrs. Penelope Stone relict of Thos. Stone of Riseden, Esq.," but depicting an apparently quite different building. In those days it had five gables, two triangular and three curly, with two tiers of large mullioned windows and an attic window in each, except in the middle gable where a mildly classical entrance door was surmounted by two double-light windows. The outline of the roof, however, is the same as now; there was the porch on the west side and similar outbuildings; and a forecourt is shown with ball-toppe piers to an axial gateway, very like the one standing there now.



2.—LOOKING INTO THE FORECOURT



3.—CLAIRE-VOIE AND ENTRANCE GATE, FROM THE FRONT DOOR



4.—THE SIDE GATE



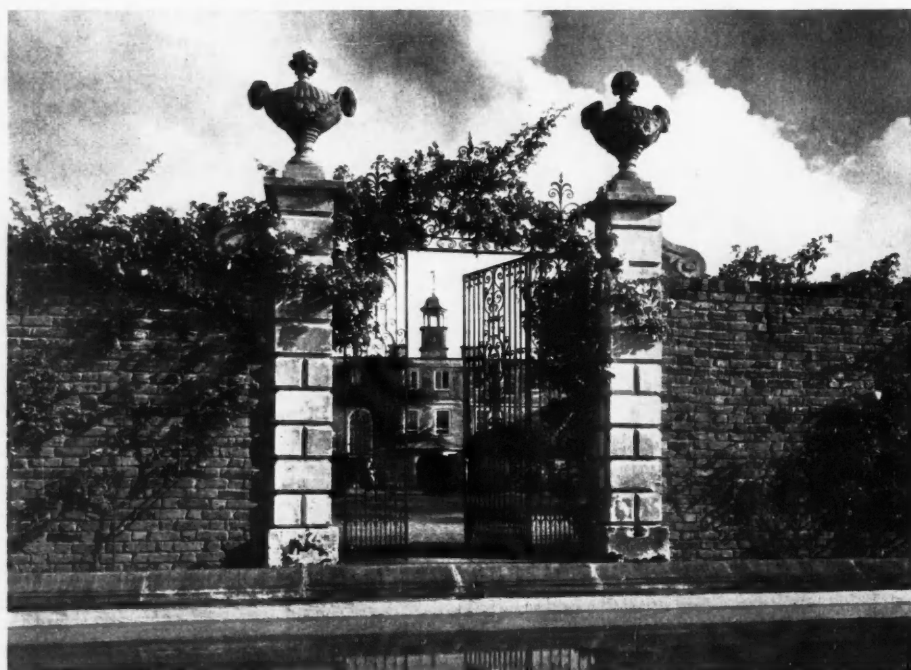
5.—TUBS ON THE TERRACE



6.—THE EAST SIDE



7.—THE NORTH SIDE SHOWS SIGNS OF THE ORIGINAL HOUSE



8.—THE GATE OF THE WALLED GARDEN

This Jacobean house had been built by William Stone who, with his brother Sir Richard, bought "the farm house called Julians" in 1603 from Edward Newport, of Sandon. The Newports had apparently acquired it after the Dissolution as part of a property of Warden Abbey given to that monastery by its founder, Walter de l'Espece, in the 12th century. The Stones were of an old Huntingdonshire family, and their father, John, had been a Sergeant-at-Law noted as an authority on bankruptcy. This William Stone is stated definitely to have built Julians. His son Thomas married Penelope, daughter of Sir Stephen Soame, and died 1696, leaving three daughters. It was his widow who is named in Chauncy's plate. Of the daughters, Penelope married Adolphus Metekerke, one of the family of Dutch Protestant *émigrés* who were living at Julians when the Trollopes—Thomas Adolphus, Anthony, Henry, with their father and mother—used to stay with "Uncle and Aunt Metekerke" about 1820. The father at that time expected to inherit Julians, and the eldest son afterwards drew in his memoirs a delightful picture of Julians in the old Metekerke's time.

It was probably Mrs. Penelope Metekerke who had married her consort in 1699 and lived till 1746, leaving a large family, who transformed Julians from a Jacobean to a Georgian house. The only external traces of this reconstruction are to be seen on the north front (Fig. 7) in the miscellaneous assortment of windows and patched brickwork. No doubt the upper storey was then added in place of attic dormers; and the walls of the other fronts were given their existing coat of grey stucco to hide the rearrangement of their fenestration. On the entrance front the existing sash windows were put in but the pediment and window surrounds are modern.

These and all the features that give character to the present elevation are due to Col. Cooper. He substituted the old red tiles for slates on the roof, put up the belfry and clock, introduced the cartouche with the arms of Metekerke into the pediment, provided all the windows with Portland stone entablatures, gave the front its cornice, substituted the present front door entablature for the old one, which was slightly smaller and which he moved to the east side (Fig. 6). He also formed the forecourt, with wrought-iron *claire-voie* and gateway (Fig. 3), the latter a contemporary example hung between suitably designed piers. This was intended as the principal entrance from a gravelled sweep centred on a sundial, which has lately been removed and the gravel turfed. The brick side-walls of the court are pierced with two lesser gates (Fig. 4) giving on to the paved space immediately against the house, on which stand tubs of hydrangeas and scented geraniums (Fig. 5).

The result of this most sympathetic and indeed scholarly treatment was to transform what was evidently the dull if serviceable residence of a small squire into an exquisite pastiche on an early Georgian theme. Few but those otherwise informed would suspect that here is not the authentic retreat of some *Alcander* or *Belinda* of polished yet tender tastes, exiled from the Court at Kensington; or possibly the diminutive yet elegant *mid d'amour* of an elder statesman of Queen Anne's Cabinets. For there is about it just that hint of fantasy—stressed perhaps by the belfry, so invaluable in giving height to the rather low façade—which raises a doubt whether any Hertfordshire squire of Fielding's time would in fact have housed himself so prettily.

Yet there is no reason why he should not have, nor have added a large ballroom, music-room, or orangery to the side of the little

house. The actual *raison d'être* of the long single-storeyed wing seen on the right of Figs. 1 and 6 was the personal need felt by Col. Cooper for one large room, for music, and to contain a set of tapestries and other possessions too large for the already existing rooms. During the period between the wars when the scale of living as compared to thirty years ago was already contracting, many people took the view that living in a few small rooms was agreeable enough provided that one large room was available for occasions. A number of new houses were designed on that principle, and in Paris it was even adopted into the planning of better-class flats—a system that at one time it seemed possible might be practised in this country. Indeed, if ever again a standard of living above the minimum is possible, the small house or flat incorporating a large room for occasional use is undoubtedly the ideal to aim at. But in the case of Julians the origin of the big room goes back to Col. Cooper's occupation of Cothay, an early mediæval manor house of limited accommodation. After Cothay was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE an identical room to this one was added, for the reasons given, which, when the house was sold, the new owner determined to convert into bedrooms, etc. The big sash windows



9.—THE NORTH TERRACE



10.—THE OLD STEWPOND

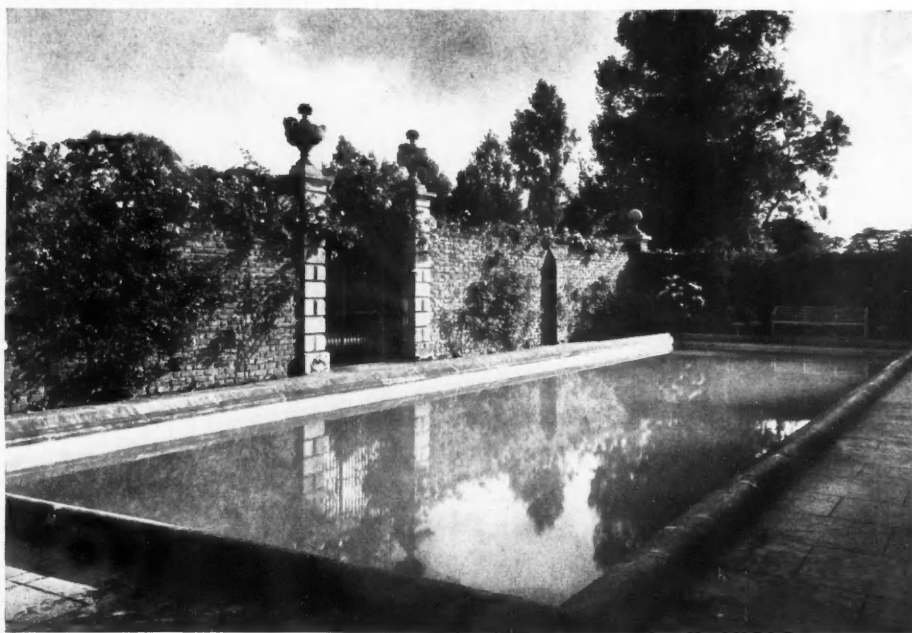
and internal fittings thus became available for re-use, and it so was possible to reproduce the room exactly at Julians. In each location it was a very handsome apartment, with five lofty windows (in this case a sixth in one end, Fig. 9), coved ceiling, a full length Lely portrait surrounded by carving above the chimney-piece, and the great softly hued Brussels tapestries. At Julians its extent also served to balance the outbuildings to the east, as seen from the front. But it was always a room added for particular requirements and, since her acquisition of the house during the war, Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie has used it for storage, and it is unfurnished.

It was wisely decided not to try to regiment the undisciplined north side of the house where the big staircase window, the bay window of the dining-room, and the old yew hedge screening the outbuildings made any prospect of achieving a balanced design, short of complete rebuilding, out of the question. Besides, the long blind wall of the big room, though clothed with climbing plants and shrubs, added to the difficulties. The ground slopes up gradually from the house, and attention was given rather to laying out upon it a walled and terraced formal garden which

effectually attracts the eye away from the house in this direction. At the farther end a fine old gateway surmounted by urns was set (Fig. 8) leading to a swimming-pool (Fig. 11).

The asymmetry of the house was ingeniously discounted by placing a circular fountain pool in the lawn on this side (Fig. 7), taking as the axis of the lay-out the staircase window, through which one gets a *coup d'œil* of the whole when coming downstairs. The fountain also gave the lateral axis for the main walk of the garden extending westwards, which will be illustrated in a further article. In that direction there are several components of the old garden, including a stewpond and a small brick building, possibly the remains of a dovecote (Fig. 10), which have been incorporated into the larger new design. Against the house a paved sunk terrace was made (Fig. 9), a cool spot to sit in summer and to look up the lawn enclosed by rose-draped brick walls.

(To be continued)



11.—THE SWIMMING-POL BEYOND THE WALLED GARDEN

ENGLAND'S LAST DEER FOREST

Written and Illustrated by G. KENNETH WHITEHEAD

MOST people associate the wild red deer with the Highlands of Scotland, or the moorland wastes of Devon and Somerset; yet in the heart of the English Lake District lies one of the most compact little deer forests that it has been my good fortune to stalk on. This forest is known as the Forest of Martindale and, although it harbours the majority of the Lakeland deer, it does not hold them all, for beasts in varying numbers may be met throughout almost the whole of the north-eastern part of the Lake District.

Deer are no newcomers to this district, for there are plenty of records, in the form of antler relics, etc., to show that even during the Roman occupation they were present in large numbers throughout not only Cumberland but also Westmorland. Macpherson in his *Fauna of the Lakeland* states: "The area occupied by the Red deer at one time included almost the whole of the Lakeland, from Furness and Mallerstang Forest to the Scottish Border. The Forests which survived into the Elizabethan period were those of Inglewood, Ennerdale, Walton in Cumberland, and Martindale in Westmorland."

Of these four forests only Martindale now remains as a true deer forest. Stags travel far and wide, especially during the rut when in search of hinds, and although a wandering beast may still occasionally be seen on one or two of the other old forests, they have long since ceased to be their regular haunts.

It must be well over a century and a half since Ennerdale and Wasdale ceased to be deer forests. In those days the whole of this wild, hilly country was known as Coupland Forest, and at the beginning of the 16th century, it belonged to the Earl of Northumberland. Deer must have been plentiful then, for from the Earl's own *Household Book* we learn that in Cumberland alone he possessed no fewer than 1,463 head of red and fallow deer. This figure included those deer that were enclosed in his various parks, but in Wasdale alone the number of wild deer was stated to be about 230. The price of venison in those good old days hardly bears comparison with to-day's controlled price of one and eightpence per pound, for only five to ten shillings was normally paid for a whole stag, according to its size.

Walton Forest, which stretched along the Border Country, ceased to be a chase even earlier than did Coupland Forest, and from the scanty records available it would appear that it was much poached by Scottish hunters, who

stepped across the Border not only to kill the deer but also to cut down timber for their homes.

Inglewood was probably the finest of all the Lakeland forests, and earned the title of the Royal Forest. It harboured both red and fallow deer, and stretched along the west bank of the Eden from near Penrith almost to Carlisle. Although much of it was enclosed and well guarded by the royal foresters, it, too, suffered much from poaching. Moreover, the "shooting tenants" appeared to pay little regard to either the seasons or the number of game permitted to be killed, for, writing in 1892, Macpherson states: "The Scottish hunters were not over-scrupulous about limiting their game to the number of head allotted to them by grant, but any excess was noted and reported by the foresters to the English King." Thus in 1353 Edward III, at the request of his cousin Edward de Baliol, granted pardon to the nobles and others who had hunted with him and had slain fourteen stags, two bucks, eleven hinds and sixteen red deer calves in summer, and twenty-one bucks and does and seventeen fawns in winter.

This royal pardon can hardly be said to have produced the desired effect, for two years later Edward III again granted a pardon to the same parties, who on this occasion had killed "nineteen harts, fourteen hinds, seventeen calves, two bucks, four soursells, thirteen does, a pricket and two fawns." It would appear from the entries of this mixed bag that the hunters of yore cared little about the age or sex of their quarry. A sourell or sorel was a fallow buck in his third year, while a pricket generally indicated a two-year-old fallow buck, but was used also for a red deer stag of similar age.

The exact date on which Inglewood ceased to be a deer forest is a little uncertain, but it



"NADDLE FOREST HELD SOME VERY FINE STAGS"

was probably about 1820, when the last stag is supposed to have been killed by Edward Hasell's deer hounds.

To-day, then, only Martindale remains as a true English deer forest. For a long time it has been owned by the Hasell family, who live not far away at Dalemain, but for about twenty years during and after the 1914-18 war it was leased by the late Lord Lonsdale, who carried out several major improvements, such as building a road to a shooting bungalow that he erected near Rampsgill.

The average tourist to the Lake District will not see Martindale, for it can be reached by car only by one's taking the Howtown road from Pooley Bridge, and then continuing on by a rather rough track to the shooting-lodge in Rampsgill. Roughly speaking, Martindale is bounded on the west and north by Ullswater and on the east by the long narrow ridge known as High Street. The centre part consists of the major valleys of Rampsgill and Bannerdale, which are separated from each other by a round hill called the Nab.

As a forest Martindale is unenclosed, and consequently the deer are free to wander over a wide area. A favourite spot for finding deer during the summer and early autumn is between High Street and Hawes Water, which now supplies part of the Manchester Corporation's water requirements. This strip of land, as well as the remainder of the country surrounding Hawes Water, belongs to the Lowther estates, but an arrangement exists whereby the Martindale stalkers may stalk any beasts seen between the lake and High Street around Kidsty and Whelter Craggs, and it is near these crags that the first stags of the season are often killed.

Just south of Whelter lie Riggindale and Mardale. Both are favourite summer grounds for stags, which, however, soon move out into Rampsgill or Bannerdale once their antlers are clean of velvet.

The stalking rights in Riggindale and Mardale, as well as on the east side of Hawes Water, which includes the Naddle Forest, are retained by the Lowther estate, and on a number of occasions before the war I had the privilege of stalking this ground. About 1926, when Major Cropper rented the stalking, Naddle Forest held some very fine stags, some of which,



DEER LOVE TREES, PARTICULARLY FORESTRY PLANTATIONS

on reaching the larder, would turn the scales at over twenty-four stone, while many heads, which often included royals, measured over a yard in length. To-day, unfortunately, these monarchs of Naddle are gone, and one seldom sees a beast east of Hawes Water. Their disappearance from Naddle dates back to the early 'thirties, when the Manchester Corporation commenced their damming operations on Hawes Water.

Not only around Hawes Water, however, has the Manchester Corporation almost evicted the red deer. At Thirlmere, which is also a source of water supply for that city, the Corporation has carried out extensive forestry planting along both shores of the lake. Deer love trees, particularly forestry plantations, and it was not long before these woods harboured a fair stock of red deer.

Yet up to about 1936, provided the deer did not become too numerous, the Corporation protected rather than destroyed them, and it was a grand experience during October to hear the stags roaring their challenge across the lake, from Swirrelwood to Raven Crag, or from the top of Whelpside Gill to Fisher Crag. But to-day October brings no such pleasant voices, for although there may always be an odd stag passing through, stags are loath to talk to themselves, so that the woods are silent.

On the west side of Ullswater the National Trust own a small enclosed forest of approximately 750 acres known as Gowbarrow Park. Before the war this forest held a fair stock of both red and fallow deer, but to-day their numbers are sadly reduced, and when I was last on the ground I saw but one small "staggy" where ten years ago I might have seen fifty.

This depressing story could be repeated for other parts where once upon a time, not many years ago, both red and fallow deer more than held their own. There is no doubt that during the war the deer in England had a bad time.

Meat was very scarce, firearms were made available to a large section of the community who would never have been blooded to the chase had not a deer put in an appearance during a Home Guard exercise, and both pest officers and forestry trappers gave them little respite.

Harried right and left, the persecuted deer returned to their ancestral home of Martindale in the belief that they would find sanctuary there. In normal circumstances, such respite would have been obtained, but in 1941 the Military invaded Martindale, and for the next few years it was the H.Q. of an O.C.T.U. unit from Catterick, so that little peace awaited the deer.

To-day the young officers receive their training elsewhere, but Martindale, unfortunately, is still a military training area, the unit being quartered in hutments at Glenridding. It is to be hoped that England's last deer forest will soon be "demobilised." Under the able management and protection of Major Hasell and his Scottish stalker there is little doubt that the deer will recover their pre-war numbers. Their policy has always been to shoot only inferior beasts and leave the best for breeding, while in Scotland, unfortunately, yearly tenancy of forests results in the opposite. The result at Martindale is that the deer generally are heavier than the Scottish stags, with good thick quality horn. The average weight is 16 stone, clean,

but beasts weighing over 20 stone are not exceptional.

Gowbarrow Park, too, with careful nursing, will some day recover. But elsewhere the picture is not so promising, for unless the War Agricultural Committees and the Forestry Commission can effectively curb or control the enthusiasm of their pest officers and trappers, to most of whom thinning out apparently means obliterating, the future of our wild deer elsewhere is seriously threatened. No one can deny that deer in uncontrolled numbers do damage. They do, but in a number of instances this damage has been much exaggerated, and in many the damage to young trees has been caused by rabbits and not by deer at all. Two years ago Mr. John McNab wrote: "Red deer entirely ignore young fir trees. Last summer, eight hinds, afterwards joined by a calf or two, took up their abode in a 10-acre block planted in 1941-42. They were constantly there for three months and not one single tree was even mouthed. True they sat down on a matter of half a dozen, but this was on a hillock, where there was nothing to speak of anyhow."

Stags, I know, are fond of rubbing their antlers among the branches of trees, and for preference, I think, like hard woods to conifers. This in itself is damaging both to the trees and to any case put up in their defence. It is all a question of whether we want a quiet, lifeless countryside with only the wind to break the stillness, or are prepared to suffer a little grace to a few wanderers from Martindale and elsewhere to enter again those places that have long since ceased to echo their challenging call. Most countries abroad preserve their indigenous fauna. Why should not England also?

TO HOYLAKE

A Golf Commentary by
BERNARD DARWIN

THE time of the Open Championship is coming round again; it begins on the last day of June, and already I am beginning to bubble at the thought of setting off for Hoylake. The journey there is not superficially so romantic as that to St. Andrews. There is not the thrill of the night journey, nor the waking in another country; there is no first sight of the links from the train, as there is after leaving Guardbridge. But romance consists in the transformation of external or prosaic things by internal excitement, and for myself I rate this journey to Hoylake very high in the romantic category.

I love Euston, if only because once upon a time it was the gateway to Wales; I love the tremendous and darkling view as the train crosses from Runcorn to Widnes with the ship canal far below; I love the last lap between Birkenhead Park and Hoylake itself. I believe, as a fact, that one no longer changes at the Park, but I still do so in imagination, and the names of the final little stations, Moreton and Bidston and Meols (I think these are right though the order may be wrong), have a homecoming ring in my ears.

Then there comes the drive from the station to the club-house, through suburban streets of no outward attraction whatever but sanctified by many memories of many tours, and the first view of the course from the windows of the big room upstairs. I like to picture myself arriving about 5 o'clock and then after a hasty tea dashing out in the evening for a few shots. And I have really some right to call this ecstatic journey a homecoming because a kind friend of mine some years ago discovered a rule whereby for the most exiguous possible subscription I could be some sort of a member of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, a distinction which I prize extremely. So I think of the club as my club and the links as my links, which in Mr. Pecksniff's words "is likewise very soothing."

* * *

It is eleven years since there was an Open Championship at Hoylake. Padgham won there in his *annus mirabilis* of 1936, after a desperate struggle, with Adams hunting him to the last putt, and that seems now a very long time ago. I thought at the time that never before had so severe an examination been set in golf. Since then I have seen St. Andrews slow and heavy and

stretched to the last inch, but I am still disposed to reckon Hoylake in Padgham's year as the most terrific of all tests and the most utterly crushing for all but the really big hitters.

I remember calculating, with rather bitter amusement, that in order to get to the second hole I should have to make a "circumbendibus" by way of the 14th and 3rd fairways, so appalling appeared the carry from the tee. Doubtless I was unduly influenced by my own decrepit condition. And yet long as the course then was I suppose it will be still longer this time, for my friend Mr. Guy Farrar is, like the doctor in Pickwick, "wery fierce," and if the tees can go farther back, then farther back they will have gone.

Apart from that I do not expect to see any great change in the course, save for the new Hilbre green (the 12th) which I saw with great admiration a year ago. At that time, too, Mr. Farrar was experimenting with some new bunkers at the 3rd or Long hole, with the beneficent intention of making people hug the left-hand side of the course and being the more likely to go out of bounds in consequence; but that is a minor refinement. In broad outline Hoylake will, I imagine, be much as it became after the reformation of 1923, when Mr. Colt designed his four new holes, including the new Alps and the truly magnificent new Royal, a 17th fraught with almost as many perils as the 17th at St. Andrews, with the road on one side and a greedy bunker on the other.

* * *

All Open Championships are more or less dramatic, and those at Hoylake have had their full share of drama. I have seen four there: Taylor's in 1913, Hagen's in 1924, Bobby Jones's in 1930 and Padgham's in 1936. Three of them were desperately exciting because victory was uncertain up to almost the last moment. The fourth, in 1913, was exciting for quite another reason, namely that J. H. played such golf in such vile weather as had never then been seen (I am conservative enough to doubt whether it has ever been seen since) and beat the second man, Ray, by eight shots. Will anyone ever gain such a runaway victory again? It is just forty years now since another most memorable championship which I did not see, that of 1907. It is memorable for one minor fact, that qualifying rounds were played for the first time, and

one major one: the Championship Cup, which has now grown all too well accustomed to sojourns overseas, left our shores for the first time. The iconoclast who dared to win was not an American but that great French golfer, Arnaud Massy.

* * *

It was a fierce struggle, played for the most part in a typical Hoylake wind such as Massy, bred in windy Biarritz, loved, and I have just been refreshing my memory of the scores in Mr. Farrar's book on the Royal Liverpool Club. There were only four scores under 80 in the first round, sufficient testimony to the weather; Massy led with 76 and Taylor, who was destined to hunt him hard, took 79. In the afternoon Taylor repeated his 79, and Massy took 81 to lead by a single shot. Next morning Taylor was out early, and with 38 each way returned 76. Massy had a dreadful start, sixteen for the first three holes and took 42 to the turn, but a great 36 home left him still within striking distance, one stroke behind J. H. In the last round Taylor had in his turn an early calamity: he took seven at the third hole; he played well afterwards, but 80 gave Massy his chance and he took it. The Frenchman was out in 38, started home well, and after the Rushes was left with twenty-five shots for the last five holes to win.

The Hoylake finish has always been a stern one, but the Royal was a mild hole by comparison in those days, and Massy had only to be reasonably steady. This he was except for a six at the Lake (the 15th) and he was left with a six at the 18th to win. He banded his ball safely over the cross-bunker and over the green, chipped back, got his five and won with a stroke to spare. It was so historic an occasion that I hope these details may not be found too musty by a later generation.

Possibly to the relief of that generation, I have left myself no room for Taylor's creak shot to the Briers through the wind and rain, nor Hagen's great second to the Royal, with two fours to beat Ernest Whitcombe, nor Bobby's awful seven at the Far, so nobly made amends for, nor Adams's putt for three that was all round the hole to tie with Padgham's. Doubtless things just as terrific will happen this time, and I hope to be hovering between the Cop and the Rushes to see some of them.

THE FARRER COLLECTION OF ENGLISH SILVER—II

PAUL DE LAMERIE

By A. G. GRIMWADE



(Left to right) 1.—QUEEN ANNE TEA KETTLE, 1713. 2.—GEORGE I SIDEBOARD DISH, 1722 Made for Thomas Western of Rivenhall. 3.—GEORGE I CUP AND COVER, 1723 The arms are those of Philip Yorke, Baron Hardwicke

IN the first article I suggested that the Farrer Collection might be compared in its composition to a musical concerto with Paul De Lamerie as soloist. To support this it is only necessary to point out that out of some one hundred and sixty items in the Collection no fewer than forty-three are from Lamerie's hand, counting pairs and sets as one item. This might well seem an overwhelming attention given to the work of one craftsman, were it not that Lamerie in his forty years' working life ran the whole gamut of technical expression in the silversmith's craft, and exemplifies every possible phase of decoration in pieces of every description from the simplest salt cellar to the most elaborate ornamental cup or salver. It is, therefore, only fair that one of three articles on the Farrer Collection should be devoted to this superb craftsman.

The work of this master was so highly thought of in his day as to elicit from the writer of his obituary notice in 1751 the sentence, "He was particularly famous in making fine

ornamental Plate, and has been very instrumental in bringing that Branch of Trade to the Perfection it is now in." With the change of fashion to plain styles at the end of the 18th century we may assume his work became slowly forgotten, and it was not until the revived interest in old English plate began after the middle of last century that he again came into public esteem. Little was known of the man himself till the publication in 1935 of the late P. A. S. Phillips's fine monograph, which, from his painstaking researches into Lamerie's antecedents and working career, gave substance to this great craftsman, who had in the past been so neglected that he has no place even in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

We now know that Paul De Lamerie, as he always styled himself, was born in 1688 at Bois-le-Duc, or Hertogenbosch, in Holland, where he was baptised on April 14. His father, a French Huguenot of the petty nobility, Paul Souchay de la Merie, had served as an officer under William III of Orange, and appears to

have come to England about 1691, when the future silversmith was only three years old. It is, therefore, fair to claim Lamerie as an Englishman, at least by upbringing, if not by birth. In 1703 at fifteen he was apprenticed to Pierre Platel, as mentioned in the first article, and having served his term, was "admitted a Freeman of the City by servitude through the Goldsmiths' Company in February 1712," and commenced working in Windmill Street. He married in 1716, and in 1738 moved his premises to Gerrard Street, where he remained working till his death in 1751. Such are the bare outlines of his life, which are disclosed to greater extent by Mr. Phillips.

Lamerie's earliest pieces in the Farrer Collection are a pair of plain trencher salt cellars of 1712, a modest beginning, made only a few months after his admission as a freeman of the Goldsmiths' Company. By the next year he was in the full strength of his powers, as is shown by a magnificent tea kettle, stand and lamp of 1713 (Fig. 1.) Although on the traditional lines of other craftsmen of the period, there are signs of individuality in the somewhat unusual double scrolls of the legs and the fine lines of the spout, which make it a piece of great attraction.

The next piece illustrated at once bears witness to Lamerie's great versatility. This is a sideboard dish of 1722 (Fig. 2), a superb piece of decorative plate. The boldly gadrooned rim is of most unusual outline, the inner border of shells and trelliswork in flat chasing is of the highest quality and the delicacy of the engraved medallion with its arms in the centre is beyond reproach. The arms are those of Thomas Western of Rivenhall, Essex.

The cup and cover of 1723 seen in Fig. 3 is one of three by Lamerie in the Collection. The others date from 1720. The example illustrated is remarkable for the intricate and finely chased strapwork surmounted by plumed masks of Indian feeling on alternate straps. The junction of foot and body is perhaps a little unhappy, but this is a small point in a fine decorative piece. The arms are those of Philip Yorke, Baron Hardwicke, who was so created in 1731, and consequently must be of about ten years later date than the cup itself.

The following year 1724 saw the production of what is undoubtedly the clou of the collection, and, indeed, one of the most outstanding of Lamerie's creations that have survived. This is the sumptuous toilet service of twenty-eight pieces made to the order of the Rt. Hon. George Treby, as a wedding gift to his wife, Charity, daughter and co-heir of Roger Hele, whom he married on February 2, 1724/5. To illustrate adequately this fine service would require all the space available for the whole



4.—PART OF THE TREBY TOILET SERVICE, 1724 Two powder flasks and a helmet-shaped ewer Two bowls and covers and one of three caskets

article, and I select, therefore, a small group to represent the whole (Fig. 4). The service displays a great range of decorative treatment in chasing and engraving, and the finish is of the highest quality.

Outstanding in this respect is the chasing of the panels on the caskets, of which I illustrate the smallest of three, and on the powder flasks, also shown. The mirror which forms the centrepiece of the service is enclosed in a scroll border of lovely delicacy, enriched with shells, and the whole shows a lightness and sureness of touch rarely equalled even by this great craftsman in other pieces. The interest of the service in the history of English silver is greatly enhanced by the fact that the invoices for its manufacture, in Lamerie's own hand, are still extant. From these we learn that he charged for the silver at 6s. 2d. an ounce, for the fashioning 5s. an ounce, and for engraving the arms 6 guineas, (this latter work possibly being done by a separate engraver employed by the silversmith). The present weight of the service is 545 ounces, though in the invoice Lamerie gives the weight as 637 ounces, and we must, therefore, assume that in the course of time some pieces have become separated or lost. The total cost was £377 13s. 10d., including "ye tronk for all ye dressing plate."

The next piece illustrated is also connected with the same George Treby. This is the magnificent plain punch-bowl of 1723 (Fig. 5), with its most interesting engraving, on one side of a procession of gentlemen on a quayside, and on the other of the same figures in a convivial setting with the very bowl itself in their midst. The bowl was a gift from George Treby to Arthur Holdsworth, who was Admiral of St. John's Harbour, Newfoundland and commander of the ship *Nicholas*, of Dartmouth, in 1700. The eleven men depicted on the bowl, says E. Alfred Jones in his catalogue of the Collection, "were doubtless a company of Adventurers in the Newfoundland Fishery Trade, and Arthur Holdsworth and George Treby were two of their number." The engraving is the prime interest of the piece, and displays strongly Hogarthian characteristics in its lively portraiture. There is, however, unfortunately no evidence yet discovered to enable us to claim the artist as its engraver, and, barring any documentary discovery to this effect, we can only point to its strong resemblance to his work.

There are a number of fine trays and salvers from Lamerie's hand in



5.—THE TREBY PUNCH-BOWL, 1723 Engraved with portraits of eleven Adventurers in the Newfoundland Fisheries

various owners' possession, such as a finely engraved one of 1720 formerly in the Swaythling Collection, and one of 1734 belonging to the Earl of Jersey. These are represented in the Farrer Collection by another of the same year as the last mentioned (Fig. 6), which has an almost identical rim to Lord Jersey's, the centre being chased in full Rococo style with shells, waterfalls and scrolled cartouches. The contemporary arms are those of Mills. This important piece, 24½ inches long, displays Lamerie's Rococo style at its best, and well under control. It must be admitted that there is little evidence in some of his later works of such control.

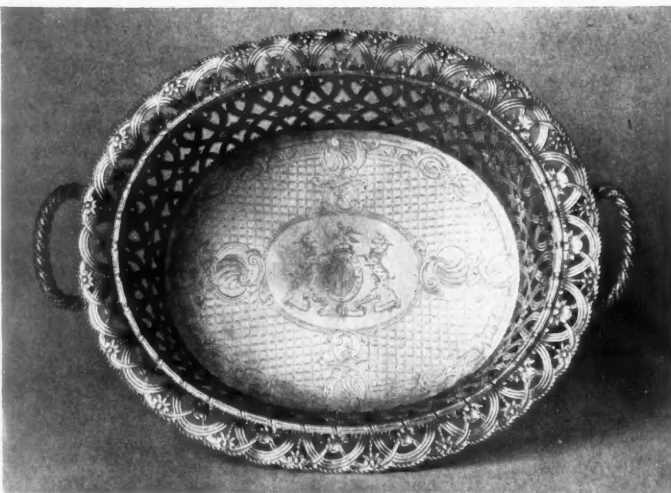
It is interesting to compare this last piece with the square salver



6.—GEORGE II OBLONG SALVER, 1734



7.—ADMIRAL ANSON'S SALVER, 1725



8.—GEORGE II CAKE BASKET, 1731

of 1725, one of a pair. (Fig. 7). These bear the arms of Admiral Anson, the 18th-century circumnavigator, though dating from not earlier than 1748, the year of his marriage to Lady Elizabeth Yorke, daughter of the first Earl of Hardwicke, whose arms are here impaled with the admiral's. The earlier date of this piece to the last-mentioned accounts for the greater degree of restraint in the chased decoration, though even here in the shells at the corners there is evidence of the approaching craze for Rococo. The pair of salvers are 15¼ inches square.

Finally I have selected a cake basket of 1731 (Fig. 8), one of three of the same basic design, illustrated in P. A. S. Phillips's *Paul De Lamerie*. The others belong to the Marquess of Bristol and the Goldsmiths' Company. Similar pieces by other goldsmiths are known, but the Farrer example is outstanding in its fine border of plaited basketwork and foliage. The arms are those of Lord Nassau Paulet. The Collection also contains a pair of very similar baskets by Lamerie of 1736, though of rather broader treatment, as well as two formed as scallop shells of 1746 and 1747, and another pair of 1744, finely engraved and pierced with fruit and flowers in a restrained and natural Rococo rendering.

To discuss only eight pieces out of the forty-three by Paul De Lamerie at the Ashmolean Museum can do little more than hint at the wealth of invention, supreme quality of execution and mastery of technique of this craftsman. Suffice it to say, therefore, that for the student of English silver, the Collection stands justified by the works of this master alone.

(The previous article in this series appeared on April 11).

(To be concluded)

CORRESPONDENCE

A CAT-CHASING BLACKBIRD

SIR,—Deep in the ivy on a wall of this house a blackbird recently built its nest and brought up four young. Hearing the bird's rapid warning "clack" of danger one day, I looked out from an upstairs window and saw a cat crouched on the far side of the lawn, and, dangerously near, the blackbird, facing it and keeping up an incessant cry.

The cat lashed its tail, but then, to my astonishment, instead of springing, it rose and turned towards the house. Whereupon the bird immediately lowered its head and made a short run after it.

The cat half turned and then continued its retreat, followed by the bird which, in a series of short runs, proceeded to chase it off the lawn!

I have seen nothing that surprised me more.—T. HUDSON, *The Old Forge, North Lancing, Sussex.*

THE BRANDING OF FOX-HOUNDS

SIR,—The story may be remembered of Jerry Hawkins, the sportsman living on Severnside at Haw, Gloucestershire, before the bridge was built, whose famous feat was swimming the river on horseback to shorten a journey. A print of a painting which is, or was, at Berkeley Castle, shows him surrounded by Berkeley hounds, each branded with a large B. Can anyone say when this practice of branding hounds ceased?—T. HANNAM-CLARK, 4, Lansdown Place, Cheltenham.

[So far as is known, hounds were being branded up to about 1870, but by then the practice was apparently dying out, and it probably came to an end not long afterwards.—Ed.]

QUEEN WASPS BY THE SCORE

SIR,—The common cotoneaster has a remarkable fascination for wasps, as for bees, but I was none the less astonished to find twenty or thirty queen wasps together on a largish bush just coming into flower in my garden at Whitsun.

Armed with a butterfly net, and spending four or five hours at the bush on May 25 and 26, we succeeded in killing a total of 111; on the evening of the 26th there were still plenty about for those who had the time to continue the slaughter.

I claim no records, but it occurs to me that others might be persuaded by this success to examine their own gardens and so diminish what, in my experience, promises to be a major wasp plague this year.—M. G. L. JOY, *Marelands, Bentley, near Farnham, Surrey.*

[Other correspondents have drawn attention to the large number of queen wasps abroad this year and to their fondness for cotoneaster and rhododendron flowers.—Ed.]

"TEUCHAT'S STORM"

SIR,—Apropos of the letter in your issue of May 16 about the expression "Peewit's Pinch" being used in Surrey in reference to the weather, you may be interested to hear that in Angus, and probably elsewhere in Scotland, country folk speak of the "Teuchat's Storm," which probably has the same meaning. They refer to a late snowfall

in April after the peewits have returned inland and have begun to nest. Teuchat is a common Scottish name for the peewit.

Although these storms do not last long as a rule, they are sometimes sufficiently severe to cover up the birds' normal food supply, and the word "pinch" seems to be a very appropriate one.—T. LESLIE SMITH, *Ashwood, Broughty Ferry, Angus.*

TRANSPLANTING OF FRITILLARIES

SIR,—With reference to recent correspondence about the transplantation of fritillaries, or snakes-heads, these plants were introduced here twelve years ago. Far from being in a water meadow, they are planted in the grass sloping down to the courtyard of this house, which is 540 feet above sea level.

If they are increasing they are doing so very slowly, but each year they flower with the daffodils. The grass is scythed only once, when the

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wild hyacinths and narcissi have died down.—ELLIOTT CARNEGIE OF LOUR, *Lour, Forfar, Angus.*

A BLUE TIT'S CLUTCH

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of June 6 a correspondent described how he examined a blue tit's nest one evening and found that it contained no eggs, but next morning there were no fewer than nine.



THE FEATHERS HOTEL, LUDLOW

See letter: Record Increase in Value



THE PALLADIAN BRIDGE AT WILTON, WILTSHIRE, AND (left) AN INSCRIPTION THOUGHT TO COMMEMORATE JOHN DEVAL, A STONE MASON EMPLOYED IN ITS CONSTRUCTION

See letter: Palladian Bridge Architect

The explanation of this apparently extraordinary happening is to be found in the usual practice of the tit family of covering their eggs with nesting material after each addition until the clutch is complete. When the bird begins to brood, the eggs are no longer covered in her absence.

What had evidently happened was that an egg had been laid on each of the previous nine days and the nest was visited by your correspondent just when the total was complete. Next morning the eggs were uncovered and incubation had begun.—COUNTRYMAN, *Tayport, Fife.*

RECORD INCREASE IN VALUE?

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the old Feathers Hotel, at Ludlow, Shropshire. This lovely building has recently been sold for £30,000, and fortunately will continue to be used as an hotel, so that the public will still be able to see the wonderful plaster ceiling and oak carving within. It is amusing to recall that three hundred and forty-four years ago the building was sold for £22.—RALPH A. SMITH, 3, *Barboursre Road, Worcester.*

PALLADIAN BRIDGE ARCHITECT

SIR,—From time to time recently there have been references in COUNTRY LIFE to Roger Morris as one of the ablest yet least known architects of the second quarter of the 18th century, and more particularly as "ghost" to the 9th Earl of Pembroke, one of the outstanding amateur architects of the time. There has been some speculation whether Morris should not be regarded as the actual designer of the Palladian Bridge at Wilton, Wiltshire, shown in my larger photograph, rather than the earl, to whom the structure has hitherto been ascribed, together with Marble Hill at Twickenham, and other buildings of considerable distinction.

In the course of correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE (February 25, March 27 and April 7, 1944), Morris has been shown to have held the post of carpenter and

engineer to the Board of Ordnance, to have died January, 1748-49, and to have had a son, Col. Roger Morris, who in 1758 prevailed over George Washington as suitor of Miss Mary Philipse, of New York. The elder Morris, the architect, married Mary Vandeput, daughter of a prosperous knighted London merchant. This led me to suggest that Morris designed Standlynch (now Trafalgar) House, Wiltshire, for his brother-in-law, Sir Peter Vandeput, in 1733, in addition to Inveraray Castle (1746) and the work at Goodwood and Chichester previously associated with his name.

Lord Herbert has recently shown me a number of extracts from the 9th Lord Pembroke's House Book, 1733-49, some of which seem to confirm indisputably Morris's authorship of the Wilton version of the Palladian Bridge, and which also give us the name of the mason who built it. Between February, 1737 and September, 1738, Morris was paid £392 odd, the entry for September 1, 1738, stating: "To Mr. Roger Morris, the balance of his acct: being £202.19.11 which with £190 received before is in full for all demands to this day." In July, 1743, there is another entry: "To Mr. Roger Morris in full to pay all the Bills of my new timber building and other repairs in my house, the abstract of which Bills he has this day delivered to me with a receipt in full, the different workmen being employed by him: £113.15.1." In 1745 he received £208 "for sundry bills for work done à Whitehall."

In between the payments to him in 1732-38 is the entry: "Oct. 5, 1737. To John Devall, stone mason, in full 103.0.0." On the south-east keystone of the Palladian Bridge is discernible the inscription "I D 1737," depicted in the other photograph. It seems very probable that this is for John Devall. Mr. H. M. Colvin has kindly given me the following information about John Devall, of which name there were evidently two if not three masons, no doubt father and son, besides George Devall, master plumber, to whom frequent payments are also noted in the Wilton House Book.

The Devalls lived at Islesworth, where tablets at St. John's Church commemorate Mr. John Devall, died 1774, aged 73, and Mr. John Devall, died 1794, aged 86. They (presumably) were the John Devalls who were Master of the Mason's Company respectively in 1760 and 1784. A John Devall subscribed to *Vitruvius Britannicus*, Vol. IV (1767), had worked under Flitcroft at Woburn, where and also at the Foundling Hospital he is said to have supplied chimney-pieces

The masons at St. Olave's, Southwark, 1738-39, were Messrs. Devall and Horsenaile, the architect being Flitcroft. John Devall, mason, tendered for the removal of the columns from the gutted interior of St. John's, Westminster, 1744. Mr. Colvin suggests the possibility that the "John Devet" in the conversation piece by Pyne including Henry Keene and other architectural persons may be a misreading of John Devall.

If the payments made to Morris in 1737-38 were in respect of the Palladian Bridge, it is presumed that, as in 1743, the £392 covered the wages of the workmen other than John Devall, who, we may suppose, was responsible for the finer masonry. If so, the total cost of the Palladian Bridge was £495. —CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY, 13, Cadogan Square, S.W.1.

A LANDSCAPE IDENTIFIED

SIR,—The landscape reproduced in *Collectors' Questions* of May 9 shows, in my opinion, a view looking towards the south-east from a point near the upper end of French Gate in Richmond, Yorkshire. The church is Richmond parish church of Saint Mary. The falls to the right of the church are typical of this limestone vale country and are the ones immediately below Richmond Castle, which stands majestically on a limestone cliff overlooking the river and commanding the entrance to the dale. The river, of course, is the Swale and the landscape shows very well Swaledale opening out into the northern part of the Vale of York.

In the middle distance and to the



THE MURDER OF THOMAS A BECKET: A CARVING AT FORNHAM ST. MARTIN CHURCH, SUFFOLK

See letter: Murder in Wood

immediate left of the church are a group of buildings in the approximate position of the ruins of St. Martin's Priory and at present incorporated in farm buildings. Farther to the left and in the more remote middle distance are the ruins of Easby Abbey, but it is difficult to identify them in the reproduction of the painting.

The view is considerably altered to-day by the construction of a road bridge across the river just below and to the left of the church, the railway station on the opposite bank of the river and a main road leading to Catterick Camp from the same point. The foreground is modified by the construction of houses and the planting of numerous trees. The riverside near the falls and immediately under the castle was selected by our utilitarian and expansive forefathers of the Victorian era as the site of no less an essential of modern civilisation than a gas works!

However, even the circular, somewhat truncated gasometers are dwarfed and camouflaged by trees, and the river scene from near Richmond church, captured perhaps by Joseph Halfpenny so many years ago, is still very beautiful. —ROBERT WIGGLESWORTH (Major), West Cottage, Victoria Road, Richmond, Yorkshire.

[Our correspondent's identification is confirmed by comparing the landscape with a modern photograph of Richmond showing St. Mary's



"THE SEA-BOUND CITY OF CADIZ" FROM THE HARBOUR: (Right) A COBBLED STREET LEADING INTO THE OLD HILL-TOWN OF MEDINA SIDONIA

See letter: Memories of Spain

church. The nave and chancel have since been given high-pitched roofs, but the church is clearly recognisable as that shown in the foreground of the painting.—ED.]

MURDER IN WOOD

SIR,—Your recent illustration of a wood-carving depicting Disraeli electioneering prompts me to send you the enclosed photograph of a quaint carving in wood at Fornham St. Martin church, Suffolk. It would appear to represent the murder of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury on December 29, 1170.

The sword and helmet of the murderer are somewhat out of proportion, to put it mildly. The chaplain stands alongside with his pastoral staff in his hand, apparently unconcerned at what is happening. —J. D. ROBINSON, 19, Langholm Crescent, Darlington, Durham.

DOCKING OF HORSES' TAILS

SIR,—I entirely agree with your correspondent, Major H. Hume Pollock, (January 31 and May 9), about the cruelty of docking. It is purely a matter of fashion, and serves no useful purpose whatsoever. The horse was given his tail as a protection against flies and other tormenting insects, as well as to shield him from

cold, wind and rain, and it is gross cruelty to deprive him of this protection.

Why does Britain not prohibit the practice altogether, as has been done in Norway, Sweden and other humane and progressive countries? The great majority of horse owners and breeders would surely welcome legislation of this kind. Breeders of heavy horses have told me that they hated docking their animals, but so long as it was the fashion they felt they must do it. One rarely sees a docked horse in Ireland.

Visitors from abroad are amazed that such a practice should persist in a country like Britain which prides herself on her good treatment of animals. When will she rid herself of this blot on her civilisation? —A. G. G. BROWN, Donaghmore, Co. Tyrone, Northern Ireland.

PAINTED LADIES IN IRELAND

SIR,—It may be of interest to your entomological readers to record that this year there are, in this locality, an unusual number of painted lady butterflies. It is some years since I have met with them in Ireland.

Assuming that most of them have come from North Africa, it seems extraordinary that such a fragile insect can successfully cross two seas in such numbers and yet reach us in such



A GAMEKEEPER'S GIBBET IN A WARWICKSHIRE WOOD

See letter: Destruction of the Little Owl

perfect condition. Perhaps some others of your readers may be able to remark on the abundance of painted ladies this year.—T. R. H. SMYTH, Sweetbank Cottage, Newcastle, Co. Wicklow, Eire.

MEMORIES OF SPAIN

SIR,—The article *A Snipe Shoot in Spain*, in *COUNTRY LIFE* of May 23, interested me greatly, since I know the part of the country well where Mr. Ingram went. As he mentioned Medina Sidonia with its old Moorish buildings and cobbled streets, you may be interested to see the enclosed photograph, which depicts one of the cobbled streets leading into the town through an archway.

My other picture is of the road and the harbour wall of "the sea-bound city of Cadiz," one of the most attractive of all the Spanish cities,



which lies almost on an island in the middle of blue sea, and with blue skies and the white buildings gives the impression of a cool freshness that is very often absent from the inland towns of Spain, however lovely they may be.—H. RAIT KERR, 22, Elm Tree Road, N.W.8.

DESTRUCTION OF THE LITTLE OWL

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a gamekeeper's gibbet, taken in a Warwickshire wood, may interest your readers, especially in that, apart from the usual collection of magpies, crows, stoats, squirrels and rats, there are four little owls on the gibbet.

Since the little owl was introduced to England from the Continent it has multiplied enormously, and it is now well established in most parts of the country. Unfortunately, it acquired a bad reputation, but the enquiry into its food conducted on behalf of the British Trust for Ornithology during 1936-37 showed beyond doubt that the larger part of its prey consists of enemies of the farmer, and one cannot therefore help wondering whether to destroy it is not a short-sighted policy.—THOS. A. LANGLEY, 222, Court Lane, Erdington, Birmingham, 23.

[Individual little owls undoubtedly do do considerable damage, especially in the breeding season, when they kill nesting birds, but on balance the bird would seem to do at least as much good as harm. According to the report of the enquiry quoted by our correspondent, roughly half of its food consists of insects.—ED.]

EDITIONS OF THE GRETE HERBALL

SIR,—I must thank you for your very interesting reply to my letter about *The Grete Herball* in your issue of May 23. The 1525-1526 edition is, I presume, the undated one mentioned by Hazlitt and apparently no other record of it exists.

I made a slip about the 1530 edition; it was sold, not at Sotheby's,



A WOMAN OF KASHMIR WITH HER SPINNING-WHEEL

See letter: Spinning by Hand in India

but by Lowe of Birmingham, in January, 1927, for £18. It is described in their catalogue 966, and if their reproduction of the wording of the title is correct there is quite a difference from the 1526 edition. 1526: "And also it gyueth full parfyte understandinge of the booke lately prynted by me (Peter Treveris) named the noble experiens of the vertuous handwarke of surgery." 1530: "And also it gyveth parfyte knowledge and understanding of the boke lately printed by Peter Treuris, named the noble experience of Vertuous Handwork of Surgery."

A 1527 edition is mentioned by Ames as having been printed for Laurence Andrews.

Both Ames and Pulteney mention an edition of 1550, but I have no knowledge of its existence.

The *Little Herball* attributed to Anthony Askham is, of course, one of the 17 editions of Banckes's *Herball*. The "by Anthonye Askham" refers not to the book but to the "certayne addicions at the ende of the boke, declaryng what herbes hath influence of certayne sterres and constellations . . . in the Almanacke made and gathered in the yere of our Lorde God M.D.L., the XII day of February by Anthonye Askham, Phisycyon."

There is no reason why *The Grete Herball*, 1576 edition, should not be a translation of *Arbolayre*, though the blocks are the same as those of *Le Grand Herbarier*. The text of the *Le Caron* edition of *Le Grand Herbarier* agrees with the *Arbolayre*. (There are at least 10 folio editions and 18 quarto

editions of *Le Grand Herbarier*!)—C. W. T. H. FLEMING, *Barnwood House, Gloucester*.

MYSTERY OF A CAULDRON

SIR,—With reference to the statement that the purpose of the cauldron in Frensham Church, Surrey, illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* of May 30, is unknown, may I suggest that it may have had a similar origin to that of one that once existed in Ware, Hertfordshire, of which we have record?

In his will of 1505 Thomas Clarke bequeathed "to the fraternity of Gorpis Christi a brass pot of 4 gallons and a brass pan, 3 spoons of silver" (P.C.C. 4 Adeane). In further notes on the same Guild (temp. Ed. VI) it is stated that every year at the feast of Jesus the alderman with four masters and the brethren of the fraternity "did kepe feaste." Does not this suggest a very good reason for the existence of these cauldrons? If Frensham had a Guild connected with the church, probably this "urn" has been preserved there ever since.

—EDITH M. HUNT, *Haycocks, Baldock Street, Ware, Hertfordshire*.

AT GLAMIS CASTLE

SIR,—As an addition to the interesting account of Glamis Castle, Forfar, in *COUNTRY LIFE* of May 9 and 16, you may care to publish the accompanying photograph of a dovecote situated alongside the main drive a few hundred yards from the castle.

Dovecotes are not uncommon in the district, but this one differs some-

what from the usual type in having the top of the back wall extended upwards into an equilateral triangle with corbie-steps. This form of roof was sometimes adopted in French dovecotes to protect the birds from the boisterous mistral. In this instance it appears to be merely ornamental.—STUDENT OF ARCHITECTURE, *Forfar, Angus*.

SPINNING BY HAND IN INDIA

SIR,—With reference to recent correspondence about spinning by hand, you may be interested in the enclosed photograph of a woman spinning in a country village near Srinagar, Kashmir. She is turning the wheel with her right hand, and pulling the wool out with her left.—M. S. MILLIKEN, *Pembroke College, Cambridge*.

FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW

SIR,—A correspondent recently wrote about furniture that had been transferred from one church to another, and expressed the hope that systematic records were being kept of removals, which must have multiplied during the war because of bombing.

The subject is large: of one new church (St. Peter's, Grange Park, Middlesex), it was five years ago reported that the choir stalls and altar came from St. Stephen's and from All Hallows, both of Poplar; that altar rails and font came from Wren's St. Catherine Coleman; that pews and pulpit were provided by St. Etheldreda's, Fulham Palace Road; that the lectern was formerly in the private chapel of Prebendary Austin Thompson (who was killed outside his church of St. Peter, Eaton Square); that the bell came from St. John's, Drury Lane; and that the roof timbers were obtained from St. Stephen's, Bow, St. Mary's, Islington, St. Paul's, Edgware Road and St. Paul's, Bethnal Green.

So much for a single church. A curious student, extending his range to fabrics other than church furniture, would find some of the Sussex iron railings that formerly guarded St. Paul's Cathedral preserved in Lewes, Sussex, and others expatriated to Toronto, Canada. He would, of course, know that the chains and much other steelwork of the old Hungerford Bridge over the Thames now suspend the more famous Clifton Bridge over the Avon Gorge at Bristol, and that the old Temple Bar is at Theobalds Park, Waltham, Hertfordshire. But it might be news that the front of Swanage Town Hall was once the front of the old Mercers' Hall, demolished in Cheapside about 65 years ago; that the Ionic columns of Lord Templewood's Palladian villa in Norfolk were once part of Soane's Bank of England; and that the stone dragons' heads in Sir Charles Trevelyan's grounds at Wallington, Northumberland, once adorned London's old Aldersgate, demolished more than 175 years ago.

Nor is London the only great city to have had her dilapidations turned to account; indeed, the distinction of providing the largest quantity of useful war ruins might possibly go to Bristol on the strength of figures published five or six years ago. Some 3,000 cubic yards of Bristol debris were then reported to have been sold to provide hard core for the East River Drive of Manhattan, New York

City; the rubble made good ballast for vessels which could not then be laden with manufactured exports, and the New York authorities were glad to pay twenty cents a cubic yard for it. There should be some puzzles for archaeologists excavating in New York a millennium or two hence.—LECTOR, *Berkshire*.

TREES IN THE GALES

SIR,—Corsican pine usually ranks as a deep-rooted, wind-firm tree, but observations made in two or three Berkshire woods since the April gales suggest that Corsicans were among the worst sufferers. I have made no counts and can offer no statistical support for what can only be called a personal impression, but it would be interesting to know what other people think and what has happened elsewhere.

My photograph shows five Corsicans down on the lee side of a plantation, where the pines meet Japanese



CORSIKAN PINES LAID LOW BY THE APRIL GALES

See letter: Trees in the Gales

larches. Elsewhere in this same wood Corsicans suffered heavily, but the casualties among some well-grown Sitka spruce (commonly praised as much less vulnerable by wind than the notoriously shallow-rooted Norway spruce) were even heavier and more spectacular.—J. D. U. W., *Berkshire*.

HUMMING-BIRD MOTHS IN YORKSHIRE

SIR,—On June 1, at 10.15 p.m., I observed two humming-bird hawk-moths in this garden. They hovered over the aubretia, wallflowers and other flowers in the rockery continuously for five minutes or so. It is the first time I have ever seen this moth in this district.—ARTHUR E. IRON, 465, Whirlowdale Road, Sheffield, 1.

PAINTINGS BY PAUL NASH

SIR,—In memory of the late Paul Nash a volume illustrating his development as a painter is now being prepared under my editorship. It is hoped to include a full list of all the paintings that were exhibited by Mr. Nash during his lifetime and have since passed into private collections, and I should be most grateful if any of your readers who possess oil paintings, water-colours or drawings by Paul Nash would communicate with me.—MARGOT E. EATES, c/o Messrs. Perry Lund Humphries and Co., 12, Bedford Square, W.C.1.



AN UNUSUAL FORM OF DOVECOTE, AT GLAMIS CASTLE

See letter: At Glamis Castle

THE CASE FOR GARDEN MECHANISATION

By D. T. MacFIE

FAR from having eased, the garden labour problem has got progressively worse. To keep a garden going is not now merely a question of expense minus possible tax reliefs being weighed against profits that must always be problematical to some extent. The first and the most difficult hurdle to surmount is to find a bare sufficiency of even partly skilled men in the arts and crafts of gardening.

There is no doubt that mechanisation does offer a possible solution to the problem. It is far quicker and easier to train a machine-minded man to operate intelligently on the land, within the limits of the machine he operates, than it is to teach untrained youngsters to use hand tools efficiently and with intelligence, even if untrained youngsters were either available or likely to remain in what so many of them regard as a dead-end job. The lure of the factory, the high wages and the robot job that calls for little intelligence and less understanding would still seem to be desperately difficult to resist.

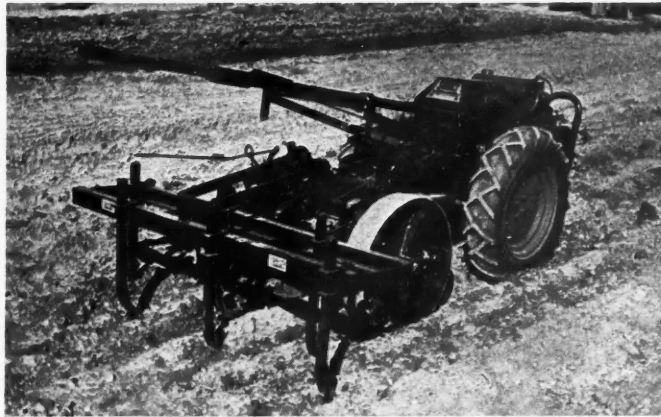
There can be no question that mechanisation does cut the number of hands required. It must do. No sane landowner would be prepared to pay some hundreds of pounds for equipment that did nothing to cut his wages bill, and so there is an obvious method of approaching the question. It calls, in the first place, for the co-operation of a thoroughly competent head gardener. Every scheme for keeping a garden going does. His knowledge, his plantsman's lore, will always in the end be the delineator between success and failure, and he is needed even more in a mechanised garden than in the more elastically staffed establishment that relies on skilled hand labour.

Given a fair estimation of a machine's capabilities, any head gardener should be able to work out a reasonable approximation of how much labour can be saved, the machine being used for every possible task—ploughing, cultivating, ridging, rough grass cutting, as a power unit, etc. The saving, with wise planning, will certainly be considerable.

Here then is the foundation of a mechanised budget, a definite sum which can be written down on the credit side. On the debit side must come wages of the operator, and tractor costs, running costs, depreciation, etc. It should not be difficult to arrive at a fairly precise figure that will represent worthwhile expenditure as opposed to care-free spending of what can be a considerable sum.

As visitors to the Royal Horticultural Society's show and demonstration have seen, small-powered implements have been developed to a remarkable extent. The day of one-job machines is over. Instead, manufacturers have followed the lead of farm-tractor designers in

producing one basic power unit with a complete range of standardised implements that are easily and quickly fitted. There are now available even midget units, including one with a power unit of just 100 c.c. and a standardised tool bar that can be fitted for cultivating, hoeing, light ridging, disc harrowing, rough grass cutting, hedge clipping and to power a large pneumatic-tired wheelbarrow. As a power take-off is also provided, there should not be many days in a well-organised garden when useful work,



THE "TRUSTY," A STURDILY BUILT MEDIUM-POWER TRACTOR WITH CULTIVATING ATTACHMENT

as opposed to time-filling jobs, could not be done. Contemplated additions to the range of implements include a lawn mower, seeder and spraying and dusting equipment. That is just one example. There are others ranging from midgets to tractors of as much as 6 h.p. which are not only handy and simple to operate, but will easily do the work of a ploughing team.

These larger tractors carry—and need—more refinements than the light and easily-handled midgets, power steering, individual wheel brakes, reverse gears, etc., but it is not possible to assess on paper the suitability of any particular machine for a specific garden. There are so many things to be taken into consideration, such as the nature of the soil and the contours of the land. On two occasions during the last year I have heard of cases where a tractor, through no fault in design or manufacture, proved a complete flop. In each case it was decided that to plough up the slope of a fairly steeply sloping kitchen garden site called for too heavy and expensive a machine, but that ploughing across the slope could be tackled by a lighter and less expensive model. A tractor was ordered and delivered—an excellent machine—and ploughing commenced, only for the mortified owner to find that it had not sufficient weight and adhesion to hold on the slope.

I cite these cases merely to emphasise the importance of careful assessment of all the difficulties and the need for a full demonstration and for expert advice. One does not, after all, spend hundreds or thousands of pounds on a car without demonstrations and very careful weighing up of the pros and cons. A tractor is called upon to perform a far greater diversity of tasks and under infinitely varying conditions.

One specific thing can be said. The first essential is to make sure that the machine is man enough for the job. A couple of "extra horses" will never be regretted.

To return to the question of the tractor operator; it is infinitely more important that he should be machine-minded rather than a skilled husbandman. It is not enough that he should be competent to operate the machine. He must also be able to maintain it and, as so many of us abundantly proved during the war, intelligent maintenance will only be carried out by a man who has some appreciation of the reasons why; in other words, he must have at least an elementary knowledge of the functioning of an internal combustion engine.

The Army task system of maintenance with the simplest possible log sheet I would adopt without hesitation. It is an excellent safeguard against forgetfulness; it gives the owner or head gardener a chance to check on the operator, and, since it operates only against the inefficient, or the good-for-nothing, no reasonable man will object to its use.

There is also the important point that the type of man most owners will want to-day has almost certainly had his mechanical training in the Army and is, therefore, thoroughly used to the system.

To the manufacturers I offer freely the suggestion that provision of log sheets detailing essential tasks on a daily, weekly and monthly basis is a step most owners would welcome. To go one stage further, short courses, again on Army lines, teaching just exactly how to get the best out of a particular machine, would, I feel certain, be welcome.

Due allowance for maintenance must, of course, be made in the tractor operator's time sheet. I stress this point for I know there can be a tendency on the part of the more conservative school of head gardeners to regard maintenance as a time-wasting, wet-weather job—a tendency which must be sternly suppressed from the outset. The smaller the machine the more important it is. Although the larger engines are not more tolerant of neglect, with smaller working parts the little engine will simply show the ill effects more quickly.



A NEW MIDGET 100 C.C. TRACTOR OPERATING AN ELECTRICAL HEDGE TRIMMER. (Right) THE SAME TRACTOR WITH A BARROW ATTACHMENT

NEW CARS DESCRIBED

THE MORRIS TEN

By J. EASON GIBSON

THE current version of the Morris 10 is basically the same as the pre-war model, and the design, although very conventional, has been proved over a period of years in the hands of the general motoring public. Since this car is made primarily for the more popular market, the requirements of which do not include extremes of performance or luxury, it has been possible to build it more cheaply and better with a conventional and straightforward design than would be possible with a more advanced lay-out, which might be of doubtful value to the majority of purchasers. As I have previously suggested, before considering the purchase, or attempting the criticism, of any car, it is best to consider exactly what purpose the designer had in mind. The degree of success that is achieved must then be the basis of one's judgment. In many instances it will be found that the well-thought-out though conventional design will surpass the car that has had modern features added, merely as selling points, without due thought and care.

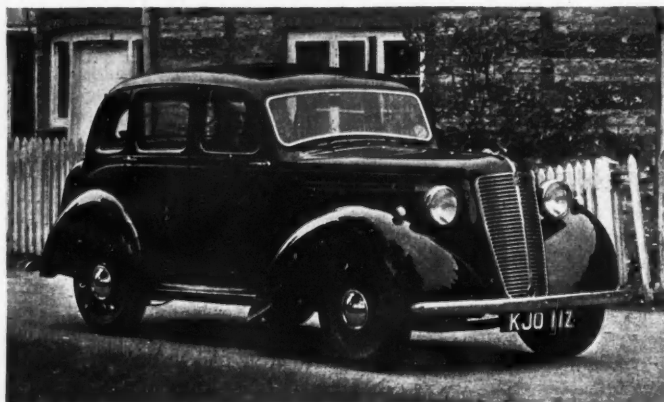
This model embodies integral construction, in which the steel body and the chassis are one unit. This method of construction saves weight, and gives greater rigidity, weight for weight. The suspension is by semi-elliptic springs all round, assisted by piston-type hydraulic shock-absorbers. In addition, at the front a stabilising rod is fitted, to prevent undue sway on corners. The engine is four-cylinder, employing overhead valves, and gives a maximum power output of 37 horse-power. Pains have been taken to avoid any heat or fumes entering the car; the combined air-cleaner and silencer also collects oil fumes from the valve cover, and there is a breather of sensible dimensions, discharging well below body level, to ventilate the crankcase. A double bulkhead between the engine and the driving compartments is provided to prevent heat and fumes from troubling the passengers. An external oil-filter is used, of the type employing an expendable cartridge, and there is the normal suction gauze over the inlet pipe in the sump.

The oil-filler is handily placed on the valve cover, but the dip-stick appeared to me to be awkwardly placed. The battery is carried under the bonnet, and can be reached easily from either side of the car. The cooling system is provided with a thermostatic control, to assist in rapid warming up from cold, and to maintain the correct working temperature. The pedal-operated four-wheel braking is Lockheed hydraulic, and the hand-lever, operating through cables, takes effect on the rear wheels only. The lever is conveniently placed between the adjustable front seats; this seems a much better position than the fashionable pistol type of control, so often tucked away under the instrument panel. To assist in speedy and splash-free refilling with petrol, the pipe from the filler to the tank has been kept free from bends and a large vent is provided. Jacking is by a screw-type jack, which is operated by the wheel brace, after attachment of the jack to the bumper bracing. This jack is normally carried under the overhang of the rear seat.

The bodywork gives a pleasing impression of roominess and airiness, an impression that is borne out in actual measurement, and by practical experience. It is possible for three average-sized adults to travel in the rear seat with a degree of comfort, and with ample head-room. The driving position is good; the seat is comfortable and also holds the driver well upright. All the controls and instruments are well placed, and the thin-rimmed steering wheel is at just the right angle for perfect control. The instrument lighting also illuminates the parcel shelf underneath, which runs the entire width of the car, and this proves very useful for map-reading after dark. The glass louvres fitted to the front

doors, for ventilation purposes, while very useful for that purpose, proved an inconvenience when I attempted to put my head out in reversing.

A good point is the ample room available for the driver's left foot beside the clutch pedal, and conveniently close to the dipping switch. On many cars the driving mirror merely complies with regulations; the one fitted to this car, however, gives a usefully wide range of view. Quotation of certain body measurements will confirm the impression of roominess I have



THE MORRIS 10 SALOON

mentioned. From the front seat to the roof measures 36 in., and the equivalent measurement in the back is 34 in. The total width of the rear seat is 48 in., while the distance from inside the arm-rests is 41 in. The knee-room in the rear compartment varies with the adjustment made to the front seats, from a minimum of 6 in. to a maximum of 10 in.

The luggage space is good for what is, after all, a small car: 38 in. by 18 in. by 21 in. The entire space is available for luggage, since the spare wheel is carried in a separate compartment below the boot. The tools are carried in a space under the front passenger's seat the inevitable carriage key being used to open this locker. This type of key is also used for opening the bonnet, which does not appeal to me as the ideal method.

With a car of this type optimum performance figures are of relative unimportance compared with the car's ability to offer sustained trouble-free and economical motoring under everyday conditions. Owing to the weather my tests were fairly prolonged, since on the first occasion it proved impossible to obtain per-

formance figures in feet of snow. I had, however endless opportunities of trying the car under very adverse conditions, and found it safe and easy to handle on the worst possible snow or ice. On a quiet and deserted section of my test route I found it possible to indulge in racing practice, entering certain corners in controlled four-wheel slides. Undoubtedly this is not the manner in which these cars will normally be driven, but it does indicate the stability available for emergencies. While the maximum speed achieved may strike some people as on the low side, it should be remembered that with this type of car the average owner seldom, if ever, desires to use the maximum speed. What is essential is a reasonably high cruising speed, and I found that the car would cruise comfortably and effortlessly at 45 to 50 m.p.h. for as long as road conditions would permit.

All controls—steering, brakes, and clutch—were accurate and light in operation, and at any cornering speed likely to be practised by an owner there was a noticeable lack of body sway. Partly to test the car's starting abilities I left it out overnight on two occasions, and despite the severe weather there was no trouble in getting an instantaneous start the following mornings. Some owners might find it possible to improve on the petrol consumption figure I obtained of 31 m.p.g., since this was done under very heavy road conditions. The horn, I found, was far from adequate, its note being too soft to penetrate a saloon car in front, much less heavy lorries. For the motorist desiring economical everyday motoring, and not interested in performance or luxury, however, this car appeared to me to be as good as any other.

* * *

Since writing in COUNTRY LIFE of March 28 about post-war car wireless developments, I have had the opportunity of testing the capabilities of a modern set under very varied conditions. It was an Ekco, which had been installed in a Humber Snipe. The set was fitted under the instrument panel, with a remote control easily reached by the driver or the front-seat passenger. Two loud-speakers were used, one fitted into the instrument panel, and the other concealed beneath the parcel shelf behind the rear seats. This system produces most pleasing results, since it is possible to obtain perfect reception throughout the car without the volume being raised unduly. Instead of the music, or whatever one may be listening to, emanating rather obviously from one point, the whole car interior seems to be filled with it. Motorists who remember pre-war wireless sets will recall the frequency with which one had to re-tune the set, for example in deep cuttings or after making a right-angle turn. This is unnecessary now-a-days, since the automatic gain control fitted makes the required adjustments, so that the volume and clarity of reception remain constant, or at least as nearly so as the ear can tell. I tested the set in narrow city streets with high steel-framed buildings, underneath long railway bridges, and at high speeds on the open road. Under such varied conditions the reception showed marked improvement over anything I can recall from pre-war days.

* * *

Two invaluable publications for the motorist interested in continental touring are again available. These are the 1947 editions of the *Michelin Guide* and *Les Auberges de France*. The first is published by, and can be obtained through, the Michelin Tyre Co., Ltd., Fulham Road, London, S.W.3; the other is published by the famous *Club des Sans-Club* and can be obtained through Motor Touring Publications, Albion Street, Leeds. If these two books are used in conjunction, the motorist can be sure of finding his way anywhere in France, and also of finding the best hotels and restaurants.

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Tax .. £12	Brakes	Lockheed hydraulic
Cubic. cap. 1,140 c.c.	Suspension	Semi-elliptic
B : S .. 63.5 x 90 m.m.	Wheelbase	7 ft. 10 in.
Cylinders Four	Track (front)	4 ft. 2 in.
Valves .. Overhead	Track (rear)	4 ft. 2 in.
B.H.P. .. 37	Overall length	13 ft. 2 in.
at .. 4,600 r.p.m.	Overall width	5 ft. 1 in.
Carb. .. S.U.	Overall height	5 ft. 5 in.
Ignition .. Lucas coil	Ground clearance	6½ in.
Oil filter .. Ex. cartridge	Turning circle	39 ft.
1st gear .. 20.123 to 1	Weight	18 cwt.
2nd gear .. 11.909 to 1	Fuel capacity	7 galls.
3rd gear .. 7.960 to 1	Oil capacity	5½ pints.
4th gear .. 5.286 to 1	Water capacity	5½ pints.
Reverse .. 20.123 to 1	Tyre size	5.00 x 16

PERFORMANCE

Acceleration	secs.	secs.	Max. speed	63.8 m.p.h.
10-30	Top 17.4	2nd 8.0	Petrol consumption,	31
20-49	Top 17.6	3rd 12.4	m.p.g., at average speed	of 35 m.p.h.
0-60	All gears	42.1 sec.		

BRAKES

20-0	..	15.2 ft.	88 per cent. efficiency on
30-0	..	34.3 ft.	dry concrete road.
40-0	..	60.8 ft.	



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NEW BOOKS

HUNTING THE MICROBE

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MISS MARGARET GOLD-SMITH'S book, *The Road to Penicillin* (Lindsay Drummond, 10s. 6d.) is more exciting than any detective novel I have read. The search for a villain who has "done in" one person, or a couple of persons, is one thing. This is the story of the search for the invisible villains who kill by the million. Look at the great plague that, in 1347, swept across Europe from Asia to Constantinople. "It is estimated that 25 per cent. of the human race perished in this pandemic, and European society was completely disrupted by the loss of leading figures in the church, in law, in agriculture, in commerce, and in trade." There's murder for you! No wonder men have persistently sought

it was his habit to communicate to the Royal Society in London papers describing what he saw through them. In rain-water he discovered "little animals," and he discovered, too, that the microscope showed "little animals" in stuff that he scraped from his tongue. He does not seem to have guessed what his "little animals" were but at last "a few far-sighted physicians began, at least vaguely, to consider Leeuwenhoek's 'little animals' in terms of human disease."

Then, not quite a hundred years ago, that "astonishing youth" William Perkins at the age of eighteen discovered the dye-stuff called aniline purple and made a fortune. He also helped to deal with the invisible villain, "for the staining of bacteria

THE ROAD TO PENICILLIN. By Margaret Goldsmith
(Lindsay Drummond, 10s. 6d.)

ELIZABETH IS MISSING. By Lillian de la Torre
(Michael Joseph, 15s.)

KING COTTON. By Thomas Armstrong
(Collins, 12s. 6d.)

out the villains. Jealously, if nothing else, could account for it, for these slayers were killing men off as quickly as they have always killed off one another. It would be unpardonable if human supremacy in slaughter were surrendered to an invisible agent.

"INVISIBLE CREATURES"

So the search was on, and Miss Goldsmith's book is a brief and well-written account of its stages. At first, of course, it was all the will of the gods and the demons; intervention was almost impious. The idea of a germ, a microbe, was not on the cards, and it was some time before infection by contact was tumbled to. Even then, what caused the infection to pass from one to another was not realised. But, in the *Decameron*, Boccaccio noted that the sickness was caught "not only by conversing with, or coming near the sick, but even by touching their clothes, or anything they had touched," and in the first century B.C. an inspired guess at the identity of the villain had been made. Marcus Terrentius Varro wrote that "small creatures, invisible to the eye, fill the atmosphere in marshy localities, and with the air breathed through the nose and mouth penetrate into the human body, thereby causing dangerous diseases."

In the 16th century the Paduan Fracastorius laid it down that, just as "germs of contagion" caused diseases, so there must be substances that would poison and repel the germs themselves; and thus, the germ-villain and the anti-germ substance both having been guessed at, the foundations of modern "chemotherapeutic treatment" had been glimpsed.

But to catch the villain, to see him with the eye, this took some doing, and it was not until the 17th century that it was done. Antony van Leeuwenhoek was a quiet, respected citizen of Delft, a draper, who made the manufacture of microscopes his hobby, and

with coal-tar dyes made it possible for the scientists searching for new methods of attack against disease to identify various bacteria as well as to differentiate between them. When Koch later introduced this method of staining, it meant that technically, after centuries of groping, the last preparations had been made for the great chemotherapeutic discoveries of our own age.

Those discoveries, of course, amount to finding out what specific substances will kill what specific tribe of germs, and even penicillin is not the end of the story. "One hears of claviformin, for example, also called patulin, and of helvetic acid. And penicillin has stimulated a widespread investigation of all moulds. . . . Perhaps, after penicillin has been successfully synthesised, it will show the way to the *therapia sterilans magna* so ardently dreamed of by Erlich and hoped for by all humanity." Yet one wonders how far penicillin would have got if the war had not forced man to develop this method of mitigating the consequences of his own senseless slaughter. We can't blame it all on the microbes.

THE MISSING SERVANT GIRL

Elizabeth is Missing, by Lillian de la Torre (Michael Joseph, 15s.), is yet one more examination of a mystery which, like the mystery of the *Marie Celeste*, is "anybody's guess." Such diverse writers as Voltaire, Andrew Lang and Arthur Machen are a few among the many who have had a hand in the game; and the manuscript of the present volume, "with complete notes and fully annotated bibliography, is deposited in the Connecticut State Library at Hartford, Connecticut, for the use of scholars." So you see, this is a mystery that takes itself very seriously and attracts almost as much "curious" writing as those parts of Mr. Sherlock Holmes's life that were not dealt

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BOOKS

with by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. On New Year's Day in 1753 Elizabeth Canning, an eighteen-year-old servant girl, had visited her aunt, who accompanied her towards her home, and parted from her soon after nine o'clock "at the foot of Houndsditch." Elizabeth was not seen again for a month. On the evening of January 29 "she stumbled, starving, ragged, and blue, into her mother's house in Aldermanbury Postern." Where had she been in the meantime? It is to answer that question that so much ink has been spilt.

Elizabeth's story was that she had been accosted by two men who took her money and her outer clothing, tied her hands behind her, and struck her on the head. This "threw her into a fit." She was taken to a house on the Hertfordshire Road, which she later identified as the house of a Mrs. Wells, a procuress. There she saw some "young wenches" and refused to join in their way of life. There was also "a tall, black, swarthy woman," who stole her stays. She was then put into a room with bread and water, remained there for a week, escaped through a window and walked home.

WAS SHE GUILTY?

Such was Elizabeth's story—a story which, as Miss de la Torre says, "set London by the ears." There were those who believed every word of it; there were those who thought Elizabeth a liar from end to end. There were pamphlets, and arrests, and trials, a searching of evidence from London to Dorset, convictions, public acclaim of Elizabeth as she moved to and from the courts and finally her own trial on a charge of perjury. She was found guilty and "transported" to America.

But was she guilty? That is what so many writers have wanted to know; that is the point about which so many theories and counter-theories have been propounded. Miss de la Torre's guess has ingenuity: it is not for me to give it away. Suffice it to say that, apart altogether from Elizabeth Canning and her "mystery," this book well rewards reading for the light it throws on the shabbier side of the 18th-century scene and for its presentation of the law's processes in those days.

WHEN LANCASHIRE STARVED

Mr. Thomas Armstrong's novel, *King Cotton* (Collins, 12s. 6d.), is a "mammoth" book. There are 928 pages of it, and, remember, publishers nowadays must crowd their pages. Long though the book is, it does not cover many years in time; it is intensive rather than extensive, the work of a writer determined to say every word that can be said about a given matter.

That matter is the reaction of the people of Throstleton, a Lancashire cotton town, to the American Civil War. Throstleton knew that the Yankee ships were preventing southern cotton from reaching Lancashire. Nevertheless, though this meant starvation for them, they loyally supported the Northern cause, because they believed it to be the anti-slavery cause, and thus they gave what Lincoln called a "divine Christian example."

Mr. Armstrong gives us a picture of this community before and during its time of trial. Perhaps nowhere else in contemporary fiction is there so detailed a picture of a community. The multitude of individual portraits that compose it are as clear as the individual portraits in Frith's *Derby Day*, but here, as with that picture, the primary impact is made by the sense of mass.

Here you have every sort of Throstleton man and woman, rich and poor, tough and gentle. Fist-fights and tea-fights, chapel-going and horse-racing, love-making, inventing, rejoicing and suffering: it is truly a community that pullulates before the reader's eyes. For full measure, Mr. Armstrong throws in Liverpool, especially its back alleys and waterfront, and manages also to keep one or two love affairs moving. It is one of those books whose popular success one could safely bet on.

SCOTLAND UNDER TRUST

THE National Trust for Scotland in fifteen years has acquired nearly 50 properties. On the map they appear sprinkled over three-quarters of the mainland, with one outpost in the Isle of Lewis, but the dots are thickest in and around Edinburgh. The Council's report for 1946, recently published (4, Great Stuart Street, Edinburgh), stresses the need for increased membership if the Trust's properties are to be efficiently administered, let alone expanded when opportunity offers. Although consolidation has necessarily taken first place in the Council's programme, two large and important properties were acquired in 1946—the Balmacara estate in Wester Ross bequeathed by Lady Hamilton and part of the Faskally estate in the Pass of Killiecrankie. Last year was also notable for the visit of General and Mrs. Eisenhower to the home which they have been given in Culzean Castle since it became the property of the Trust. A. S. O.

WEED CONTROL

WEED control by means of fertilisers and chemicals, including the synthetic hormones, is a subject upon which a great deal of valuable research work has been done in recent years. The added importance attached to producing maximum crops in this country, and the heavy increase in labour costs that so often makes old-fashioned cultivation methods uneconomic have speeded up the tempo of the work and focused interest on labour-saving methods. Farmers and gardeners will therefore welcome *Suppression of Weeds by Chemicals and Fertilisers*, by H. C. Long and W. E. Brechley (Crosby Lockwood, 6s.), an admirable summary of the respective merits of the various methods of control that offers in one volume authoritative information that hitherto could only be found as articles distributed at random through a number of agricultural and scientific journals. M. F.

PEACH GROWING

JUSTIN BROOKE'S *Peach Orchards in England* (Faber, 7s. 6d.) is a straight-forward account of a very considerable experiment undertaken by the author—the planting of a peach orchard, not of wall-trained trees, but of normal habited bush trees on his Clopton Hall Estate near Newmarket. As many gardeners have recounted, perfect peaches can be grown on bush trees, but this is the first account from a commercial fruit-grower of considerable experience. It is not a technical handbook but an admirably clear and detailed account of the author's cultural methods. It is also a book that will appeal as much to the amateur with only one or two trees as it will to the prospective commercial grower. D. T. MacF.

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET

LOVERS of ballet will welcome *Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden*, a book of fine photographs by Mervyn Severn (John Lane, 21s.), of recent productions by the Sadler's Wells Company, notable in that it contains illustrations of the new ballets *Adam Zero* and *Symphonic Variations*, as well as of the striking and moving *Miracle in the Gorbals*, and of two well-tried favourites—*The Sleeping Beauty* and *Rake's Progress*. J. K. A.

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## FARMING NOTES

# THE FARMERS' CHARTER

WITH the general blessing of the House of Commons the Agriculture Bill goes on its way to the Lords. There it will be subjected to expert scrutiny by those who know the atmosphere of the countryside much more intimately than most M.P.s. But this Bill is in principle an agreed measure. It is not merely a fancy piece in the Socialist shop window. As long ago as 1944, when Mr. Hudson was Minister of Agriculture and Mr. Williams was Parliamentary Secretary, discussions were begun with the three partners in the farming industry on the broad basis of political agreement that the nation would need a vigorous agriculture after the war. It is common ground that if Parliament guarantees stability in the markets, farmers, landowners and farm-workers should guarantee efficient production. Most of the clauses in what has been called the Farmers' Charter are indeed the outcome of compromise between the N.F.U. and the C.L.A. Both organisations have shown considerable statesmanship in adjusting their ideas to the circumstances of the times and the political atmosphere.

### Centralised Control

SOME items in the Bill do, however, invite controversy. To the practical man there seems to be a foolish tendency to centralise control which is peculiarly ill-suited to farming. There is evidence of a pathetic faith in the wisdom of some civil servant who is the voice of "The Minister" to decide the right course in all difficulties. The Minister is to have powers to control cropping on every farm in the country by decreeing the acreage of tillage. The Minister is also to decide whether a landlord and tenant shall be allowed to part company. Really these are matters which are best decided by the men on the spot. Human nature being what it is, there will always be some differences of opinion, and the civil servant who acts for the Minister with only a file of papers to guide him is certainly not qualified to override local considerations. It seems to me that it would be much better to put the fullest possible responsibility on the representatives of farmers, landowners and farm-workers in each county. This would be the surest way of building up throughout the industry the right spirit to make a success of this Bill. It will be fatal to allow the agricultural committees to develop as bureaucratic limbs of Whitehall dominated by their staffs who are to become civil servants and directly subservient to civil servants at headquarters. There is, I believe, real danger of the committee staffs becoming more interested in their civil service careers than in their real job, which is to help farmers on the road to even greater efficiency.

### Tillage Acreages

THE Minister wants to maintain 10,000,000 acres of tillage cropping next year in England and Wales. He will have a hard job to do so. The present year's tillage acreage is 10,662,000 acres. The Government's intention apparently is not to direct the growing of particular crops, such as wheat and potatoes, but to require farmers to grow an over-all acreage of tillage crops. This could be done by restricting the acreages of grass and clover leys on each farm. Certainly there are leys put down three or four years ago that should now come under the plough again for tillage cropping but many farmers will not do this work unless they have orders from the local committee. Much lip service has been paid to the advantages of alternate

husbandry, tillage crops alternating with leys, and undoubtedly this is an excellent way on many soils of getting fertile conditions for producing wheat and potatoes and also healthy grazing leys. But the farmer is worried to-day about the future supply of labour. He sees the German prisoners going home, and he is doubtful about the wisdom of growing big acreages of crops like potatoes and sugar-beet that require much hand labour. The women and the school children used to come out lifting potatoes, but now-a-days many of the women are too much engaged waiting in queues or visiting the pictures to give a hand on the land, and the educationists consider that it is a shocking imposition on the budding scholar to be taken away from his school desk for a few days to help with potato lifting. These factors and the terribly slow rate of house building in the rural areas make the future supply of agricultural labour highly problematical. If farmers are to grow a big acreage of tillage crops they want to know that they will be able to harvest them satisfactorily. Mr. Williams will, I am afraid, have to overcome considerable resistance in getting his 10,000,000 acres of tillage crops next year.

### Colorado Beetles

OVER a hundred individual beetles were discovered and reported during the first week of this month. Most of these undesirable aliens were found in London and the suburbs and near the Kent coast. They must have travelled with various commodities in ships. The Ministry of Agriculture says that very few of these Colorado beetles have so far been found on potatoes, but there is a big risk later in the season of serious outbreaks in the potato fields. Growers must keep an extra watchful eye on their crops during the next month. Immediately large-scale trouble is discovered the affected crops must be sprayed to deal effectively with the infestation. The arrangements are all ready. We must hope that there will not be serious trouble, but the probability is that there will.

### Another Call-Up

ALL the men who are in what is called "regular full-time agricultural employment" and who would ordinarily be called up for military service on reaching eighteen are having their call-up suspended automatically. This applies also to those who have entered regular full-time agricultural employment within three months from the date of completion of whole-time general education. In other words, any lad who has been doing general farm-work for three months is exempt from the call-up. But there is still the curious exception that those working in what are called the "subsidiary agricultural occupations," for example pig men, poultry farmers, and fruit farm-workers, are to be called up. It is true that owing to the bungling of our feeding-stuffs supplies, the numbers of pigs and poultry have fallen sharply, but certainly we need to get a start now on the re-expansion of pigs, poultry and fruit, and these kinds of farming need to retain all their workers with useful experience.

### Cattle on the Hills

TO encourage hill farmers to breed more hardy cattle a higher subsidy is to be given for breeding cows and heifers and suckling calves on hill land. I dislike such surreptitious "dab in the hand" to particular types of farmers. Prices all round should be good enough to sustain full production on the hills as well as in the lowlands.

CINCINNATI



## STATE MARKET

PROPERTY DEALS  
BY COLLEGES

THE Master, Fellows and Scholars of Trinity College, Cambridge, intend to dispose of Shellwood, 391 acres, four miles from both Dorking and Dorking, Surrey. It will be dealt with, if not previously sold, as a whole or in lots. Mr. Hodgkinson (Messrs. Bidwell & Sons) and Messrs. Smith-Woolley & Co. are the agents. The lettings will be for over £800 a year. The house and 11 acres are the subject of a lease until 1952, and the farm of 366 acres is a yearly tenancy; in fact, all the details are similarly held.

From the details of title recited in the conditions of sale it does not seem that the vendors have held Shellwood for many years, for the greater part of the property was the subject of a lease by the Duke of Norfolk in 1900. Usually, College freeholds have no title going back to remote antiquity.

One of the conditions points to the facilities of mining and boring, as well as follows: "All mines and minerals and oils lying within and under the lands comprised in the conveyance of 28th day of March 1930, were excepted from such conveyance with liberty for the said Duke of Norfolk and his assigns and his heirs from time to time of such mines and minerals and oils to win, dig, get and carry away the same by underground working only without being obliged to leave any support for the said lands or any buildings or structures thereon such liberties to be exercised only on the condition that the person or persons exercising the same shall pay compensation for all damage caused by the exercise of such liberties."

King's College (University of London) has purchased the Chesham Hotel, Surrey Street, Strand. Messrs. Hampton and Sons were the vendors' agents.

## THE TIED COTTAGE SYSTEM

THE so-called tied cottage system, the practice of a cottage being let to a labourer as a condition of his continuing in the service of a particular employer, has been debated at the Labour Party Conference and condemned. It has been urged that no employer, whether on a contract of service or on a tenancy basis, should be evicted without the provision of a suitable alternative accommodation. The problem is whether a new one nor restricted to the mining industry. Years ago it was unanimously discussed in connection with certain manufacturing firms.

## NEARNESS TO PLACE OF WORK

THE objection to the system rests on the ground that a change of employment, from any cause, necessitates the loss of a man's place of abode. It is not easy to see how or why a willing worker on a farm should be denied the use of a cottage on it in order that another man who has ceased to work there should enjoy it. As a rule farms are badly provided with cottages, yet it is essential that a farm labourer should live handy to the farm. The advocates of the abolition of the tied cottage want an amendment of the Restriction Acts, measures that would be mentioned except when they are to be amended against the interests of owners.

## THE 1939 BASIS OF VALUATION

THE 1939 basis of valuation of property is out of date and that it is unfairly has been recognised by the Government, in so far as the assessment of compensation for war damage is concerned. There may have

been a partial justification for the adoption of a 1939 datum in the earlier years of the war, but its inequitable character (and especially the practical difficulties of valuing land and houses according to a standard fixed so long ago) has caused an outcry that has resulted in the substitution of a system more nearly approaching "current market value."

Nothing has contributed to this amendment more than the fact that the very officials entrusted with the administration of the Acts have lately come out boldly with denunciations of the unfairness of relying on a real or fancied value as in 1939, even if information existed as to what that value was eight or nine years ago. In the intervening years properties and their environment have changed, most of them having greatly improved in price since 1942, and the real value of money has suffered a disastrous decline.

## SUGGESTED CHANGE IN RENTAL BASIS

MANY correspondents have suggested that, since the 1939 basis has been abandoned in the valuation of property, it should be dropped as the crucial date for the fixing of rents. Logically and practically the plea is unanswerable, but the prospect that it will receive a sufficiently powerful backing is remote. The fact that the owner of a house for which literally hundreds of substantial tenants would gladly pay £200 a year is let at £90 a year (because that happened to be the rent temporarily charged in a time of depression and doubt) may not seem to be a matter of public interest, or at least not of enough interest to induce officials to register public protests against it. Hardly an instance can be cited in which the "standard rent" (that is the 1939 basis) is not seriously below the current value to-day.

The argument of our correspondents is that as the difficulty and unfairness of the 1939 basis has been admitted as regards war damage it should be repealed in regard to rents. One reason why there is small likelihood of legislative action in the matter is that it involves the opening of a general review of the Rent Restriction Acts; another is the hostility of those who would be called upon to pay more rent. That hostility would carry with it a great weight of voting power. Yet another argument in favour of letting the question alone is the probability that, assuming the 1939 basis of "standard rents" was abandoned and rents were raised, there would be an immediate demand for higher wages to meet the cost.

## SUB-LETTING BY "PROTECTED" TENANTS

IN the meanwhile the owners of houses that stand at grossly below their true rental value not only have to put up with that loss but too often have the mortification of seeing the "protected" tenant making a substantial profit out of sub-letting. To-day, as during the war years, there are many "protected" tenants who receive more for one room of one floor than they can be made to pay for the whole house. But hard as is the case of the owner of a single house, that of the owners of a block of flats is often much worse. Where rents included certain services the cost of materials and labour and the general expense of replacements and repairs, the net return has fallen to a wholly inadequate level. The most convincing proofs of this have been adduced, but there is no sign of legislative action to end or amend "standard" rents.

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we can make up the scarcity of war years. There is a Shanks mower for every grass area—enquire at your ironmonger or store. We ask your tolerance if your order is delayed.

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## NOTES ON SOME NEW FABRICS

throughout the collections are outstandingly good. The new, long day-skirt is charming, and for £3 and upwards there will be graceful dresses for every type of figure.

Woollens stand out everywhere by reason of colour and quality, especially the jerseys. Rembrandt show a suede jersey for their elaborately draped dresses in parma violet and coral—a fine flexible fabric that makes up into highly sophisticated frocks. Ratine is a winter coating featured by Deretti; it resembles our old friend pilot cloth. Covert coat has been revived by this house for suits. This is the favourite of the Edwardians has a smooth surface that tailors well and is a cloth that is almost indestructible. Wolsey are making tweed jerseys for tailored suits, thick, taut and in lovely combinations of heather and bracken colours. The jackets are fitted snugly to the waist and double seamed on the edges; the skirts are pleated, sometimes all the way across the front, sometimes all round.

The Dorville collection features the tiny waist and the hour-glass figure, obtained by stiffening the wide or swathed belts and building up the hips of the

(Continued on page 1182)

**B** RITISH textiles, many of them launched at the British Industries Fair, are appearing in the big collections of the wholesalers now being held in London—clothes that will be in the shops in the early winter. The usual provisos are still, alas, being made; cloth is still desperately short and, with buyers from all over the world competing for it vigorously, the unfortunate women of this country will get little for some considerable time to come.

The corded silk from which Madame Champcommunal has designed the Worth dress (seen above) is one of the great successes of the season. It has a richness of texture and depth of colouring that make it the right medium for stiff, pleated skirts, balloon sleeves and magnificent evening coats. British chiffons, jerseys and velvets will be ready again in the autumn, and the effects of their texture on the line of the silhouette will be seen in the collections of the Mayfair designers to be held at the end of next month in London. At the other end of the scale, there are some moss crêpes with matt surfaces and excellent draping qualities in the utility ranges that have been styled with great distinction by many of the wholesalers, and some crisper weaves for the gored and gathered skirts. The afternoon dresses

A magnificent British rayon with a stiff corded surface that Worth made into a cerise picture gown with a wide, pleated skirt, full elbow sleeves and a cowl neckline



Platina fox stole, snug and rounded at the back, so long in front that it can be looped up over the arms. Molho

(Left) Bolero in white fox with ermine bell sleeves. Molho





*Sculptured look...*

Two very different hair styles, both possible with a Eugene wave. Lovely to look at, easy to manage, "permanently yours" till the hairdresser's scissors snip the last of it off . . . that's Eugene, the finest wave of all. And brushing is good for "sets" when you've had a Eugene wave; do it to keep your hair glossy and healthy. See a Registered Eugene Waver about your next permanent wave; he (or she) will give you good advice.

*Fancy free*

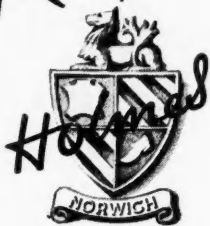


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*background to every lovely hair style*

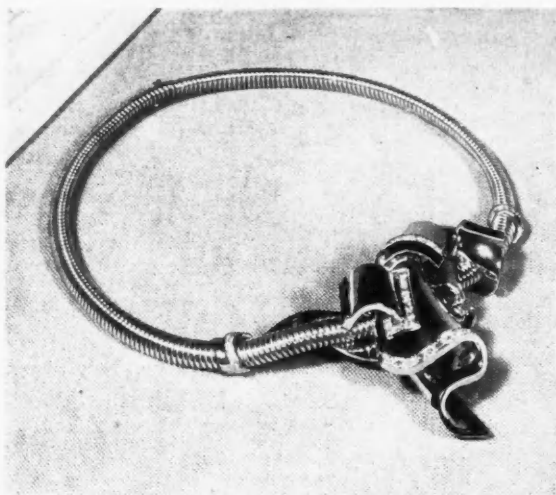
E2G



**Lightweight tweed** with a brown and gold diagonal stripe; wing armpits make the coat very comfortable to wear over a suit or dress; the pocket is extremely smart. 40 in. hips. 18 coupons. **£19 : 5 : 1**

**£19 : 5 : 1**

**JENNERS**  
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(Left) Gold coil necklace with a clip of diamonds and rubies like gold ribbon that is detachable. (Below) Treble coil bracelet that can be worn without the jewelled clip.

Asprey



the jackets and skirts with canvas. For formal occasions they use a pliable, silk jersey which they design as three clinging dinner frocks, short in the skirt, with drapery on the bodice or on the hipline, and cape sleeves, in dark bottle green or tobacco brown. Another material they are launching for the winter is a hopsack woollen that is woven with a small proportion of rayon to eke out supplies. This is an attractive fabric that tailors well, is thick, without being clumsy, and definitely warm. Dorville show it for some simple, youthful day dresses with slightly gathered skirts, tight inlet waistbands and square collarless necklines.

**T**WEEDS at this house are classic in colouring, mostly herring-bone in two shades of brown. Coats have big armholes, flares in the back and a general bulky look. The longer skirt appears throughout,

even on the eight-gored tweed suits. Delightful plaids in mixtures of dark green and blue make dresses and suits with full skirts, worn over starched petticoats, like the picturesque children in Victorian story-books.

A striped jersey is a novelty fabric in the Marcus collection; they show it for some pencil-slim dresses with big pockets, in brown with a warm beige or yellow, and in three-eighths-of-an-inch stripes. Bird's-eye and honey-comb jerseys are attractive in clear, pale grey blues and in a lovely shade of lavender. Bottle green makes one of the best two-pieces in the collection—a tailored jacket in a fine smooth woollen over a plain dress with a draped effect on one side of the hips. These winter greens look extremely new and are being bought heavily. The coming winter is likely to be remembered as the year when bottle green returned to triumph. Marcus show

a dust coat, straight, and with a front fastening and a turn-down collar in a smooth, neatly patterned worsted over a tailored frock. A pleated back is the only decoration on one tailored frock. A gathered tunic effect, set at the back only, breaks the severity of line of a dead plain tobacco brown afternoon crêpe. The collection as a whole has great simplicity of line. Tight skirts go with very simple tailored coats. Materials and colours are both subtle and distinguished.

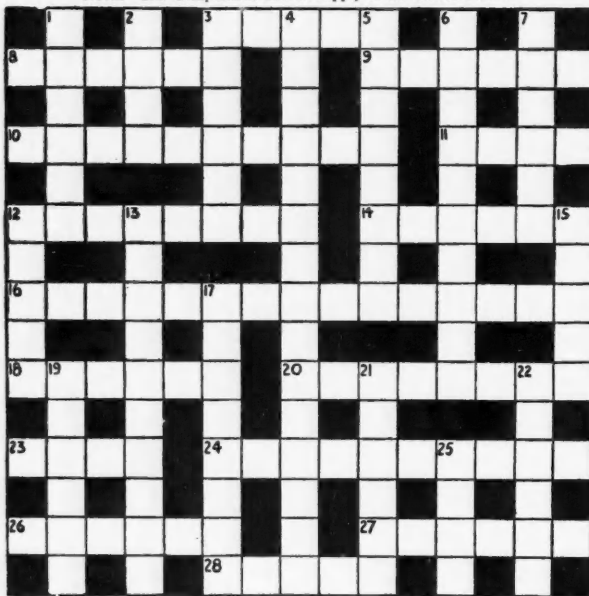
The so-called bottle green is in reality a softer tone than the colour that used to be known as "bottle," more like a lichen green. Wild rice is the nostalgic name given by Joyce to their stone-off-white shoes for next autumn, a subtle shade, pale yet glowing at the same time. Tiger is their tawny, vibrant orange, also used for sports shoes.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

## CROSSWORD No. 906

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 906, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, June 26, 1947

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name .....  
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

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**SOLUTION TO No. 905.** The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of June 13, will be announced next week.

**ACROSS.**—1, Cheddar Gorge; 8, Relic; 9, Nicknames; 11, Stealthily; 12, Tale; 14, Yankee; 15, Bemerton; 17, Especial; 19, Meddle; 22, Ivan; 23, Aldersgate; 25, Noiseless; 26, Barge; 27, Steady stream.  
**DOWN.**—1, Colleen; 2, Excellency; 3, Dinghy; 4, Recalled; 5, Owns; 6, Gymnast; 7, Presbyterian; 10, Second eleven; 13, Defensible; 16, Railery; 18, Pianist; 20, Diagram; 21, Tea-set; 24, Vera.

### ACROSS

3. A photographic repository, perhaps (5)
8. Follower of the Prophet (6)
9. Plate or chain? (6)
10. Reserved for special occasions, indeed very exclusive (3, 4, 3)
11. The jam should make it sweet (4)
12. Anticipate the verdict (8)
14. A champagne occasion (6)
16. Dogs from the Dukeries (7, 8)
18. It is bound to give water (6)
20. Given up search for it in all the shops (8)
23. "Not that fair field  
"Of —, where Proserpin gathering flowers,  
"Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis  
"Was gathered."—Milton (4)
24. The poor sap (anagr.) (10)
26. Stir up our sea (6)
27. It should be shady enough almost for repose (6)
28. "Trusty, —, vivid, true,  
"With eyes of gold and bramble-dew."  
—R. L. Stevenson (5)

### DOWN

1. To treat Lily thus may cause a to-do (6)
2. A piece of chocolate rather than a piece of rock-cake (4)
3. Entertained or in the morning made use of (6)
4. Capital growth from Belgium (8, 7)
5. Male as far as the first letter but all for female adornment (8)
6. Hardly professional (10)
7. It makes red reading (6)
12. After concluding them the next step is to 21 (5)
13. What grog used to be (7, 3)
15. Don't delay in making it (5)
17. How a picture may be buried in print? (4)
19. Room supplying a cooking utensil and inviting experiment (6)
21. To do this is not, as you might suppose, the function of an infestation officer (6)
22. A rent in the ecclesiastical fabric (6)
25. River trophies (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 904 is

Mr. Robert M. Gove,

129, Balnagask Road,  
Aberdeen.

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